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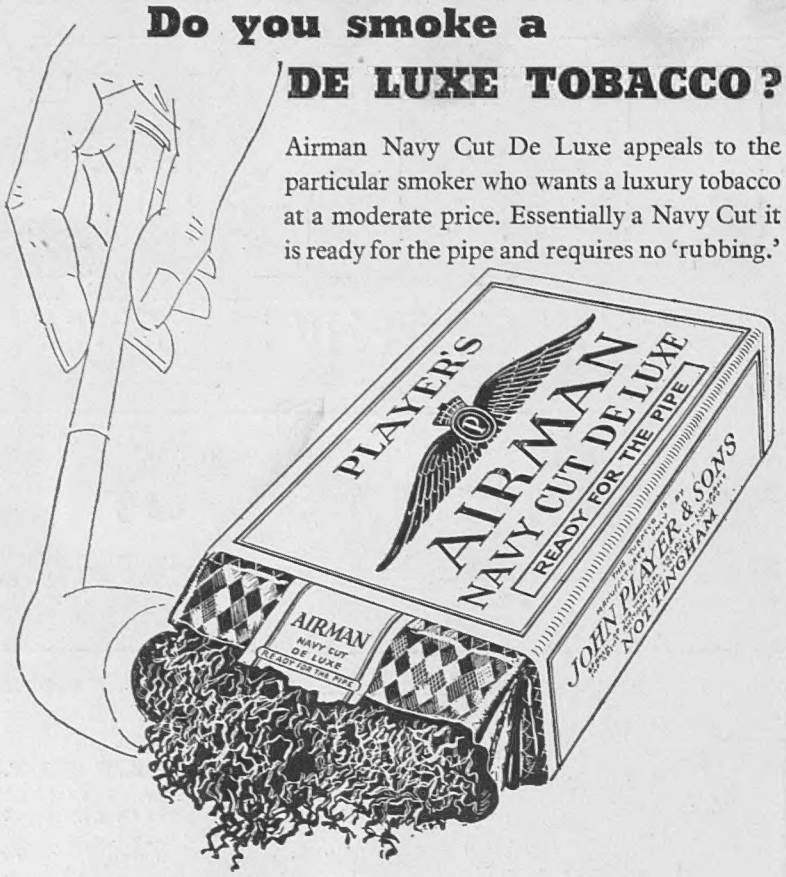

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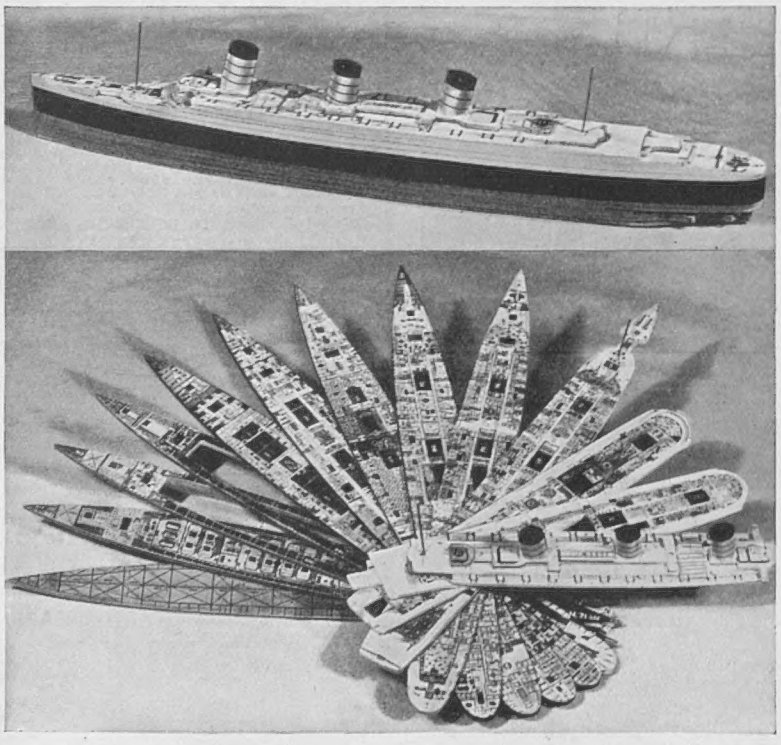

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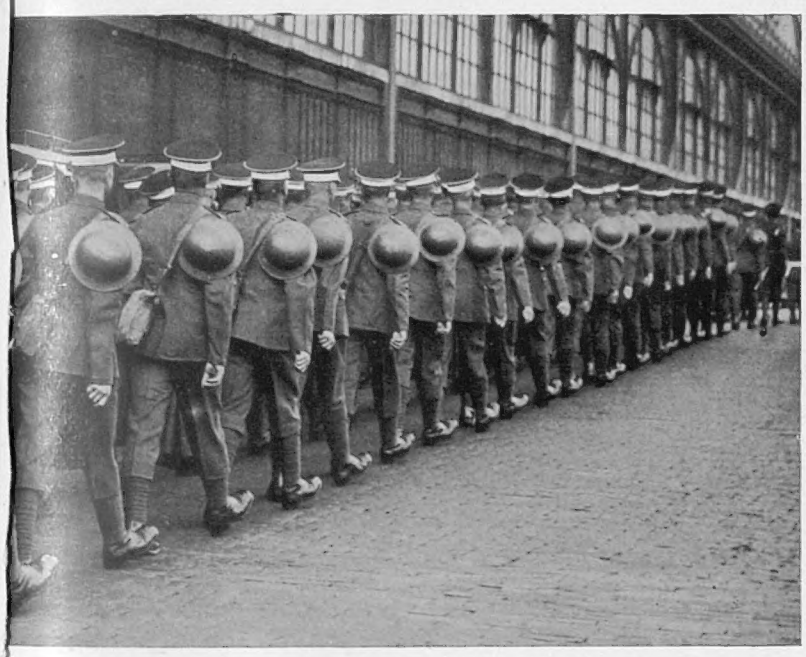
HOME: A Pictorial Survey

loading their kit at Aldershot in readiness for their forthcoming departure with the force is under the command of Lieut.-General J. G. Dill, late Director-General conversant with the situation in the Near East and has wide military experience



Barracks offered their services when a request came for volunteers for the disappointed. The chosen hundred are pictured here as they left for Aldershot

ULSTER T.T. TRAGEDY: B. Bira (Prince Birabongse of Siam) crashing at Newtownards in the International Tourist Trophy Race held over the Ards Circuit at Belfast last Saturday. This was only a minor accident compared with that which took place at the same spot later in the contest, the car driven by Chambers running amongst the crowd and killing seven people

LABOUR TROUBLES IN SOUTH WALES: A bus load of miners about to leave for their homes after the conclusion of the stay-in strike at Bedwas Colliery, Monmouthshire, where they remained below ground for over two days. But for last minute arbitration the strike might have spread throughout the coalfield and have involved 120,000 men

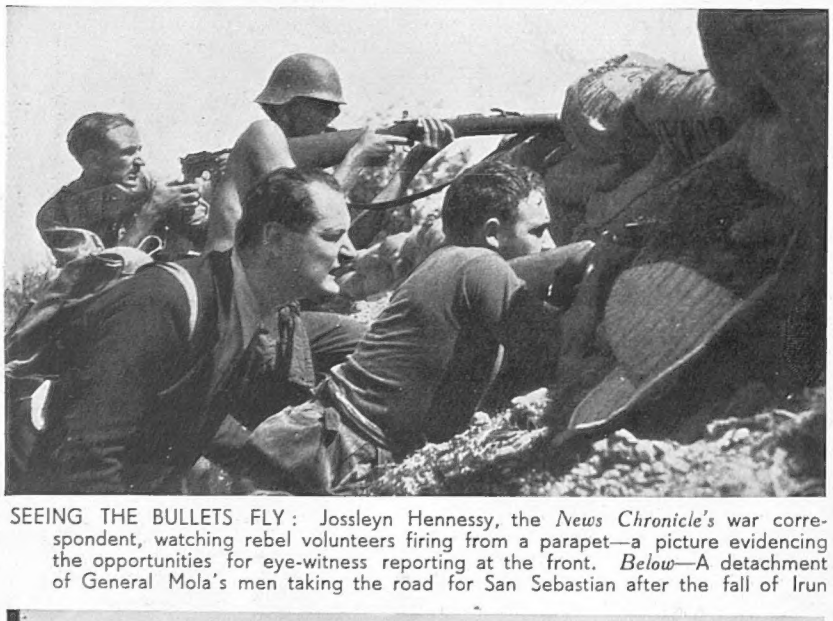
THE WEATHER BREAKS: Holidaymakers watching the angry seas at Brighton during last week-end when they had a foretaste of winter conditions, the South Coast being swept by the severest gale since last February. *Below*—MODERN GALAHAD: A young man makes a grab for a lady's hat blown away by a gust of wind near Blackfriars Bridge

CAPTURED IRUN—A TOWN

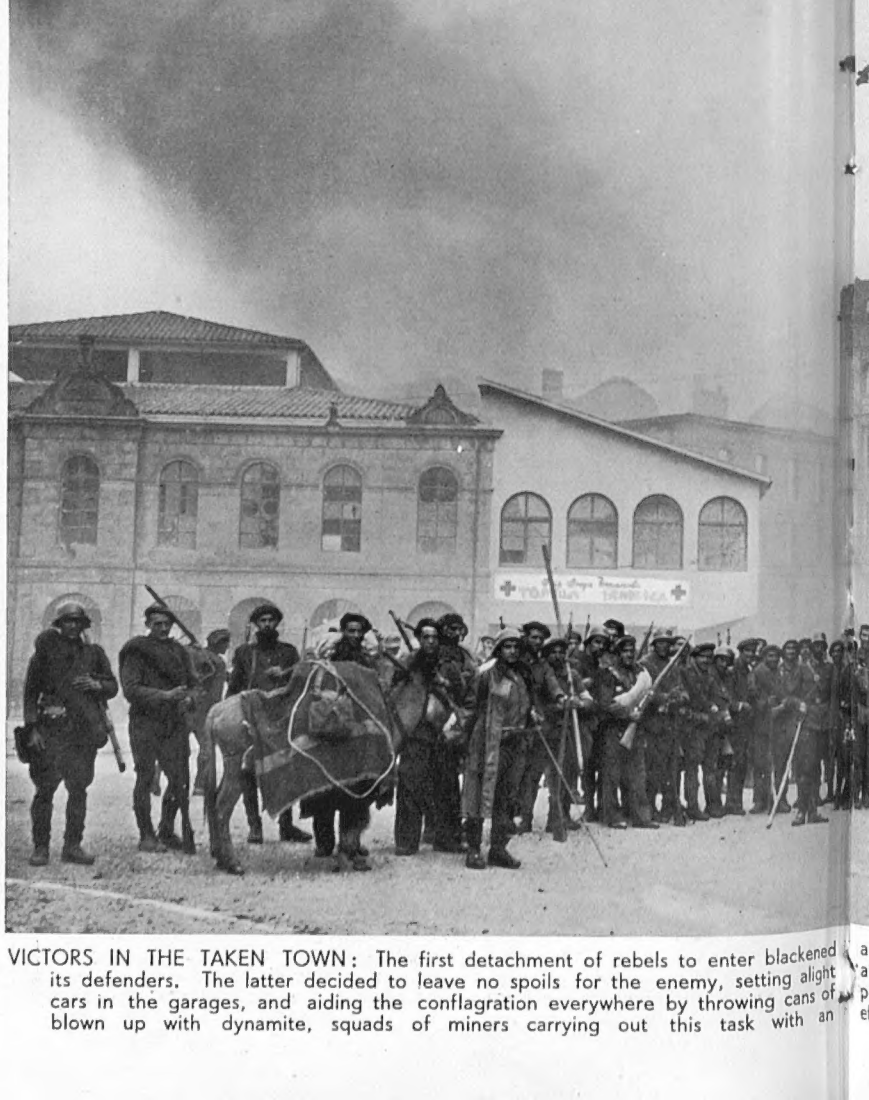
Government Aeroplanes Bomb a Burgos Hospital and

INFERNO: Smoke clouds sweeping above the blazing houses of Irun after the Government troops had set fire to the buildings, their last act on being driven from the town by General Mola's insurgent forces who made their entrance on Friday of last week

THE REBEL CAPITAL RAIDED: Searching amid the ruins of a hospital which of General Mola's northern army and seat of the Rebel Junta. The city as theatres were destroyed and, among others, a wounded soldier and four feared at the time that the cathedral—one of the architectural gems of



SEEING THE BULLETS FLY: Jossleyn Hennessy, the *News Chronicle's* war correspondent, watching rebel volunteers firing from a parapet—a picture evidencing the opportunities for eye-witness reporting at the front. *Below*—A detachment of General Mola's men taking the road for San Sebastian after the fall of Irun



VICTORS IN THE TAKEN TOWN: The first detachment of rebels to enter blackened its defenders. The latter decided to leave no spoils for the enemy, setting alight cars in the garages, and aiding the conflagration everywhere by throwing cans of blown up with dynamite, squads of miners carrying out this task with an

OF SMOULDERING RUINS

Other Pictorial News from Civil War-Ridden Spain

was bombed by Government planes during an attack on Burgos, headquarters a whole suffered little damage but in this building the two main operating relatives praying beside his bed were killed by falling masonry. It was Spain—would be struck, for the Government airmen went perilously near it

ON NEUTRAL GROUND: Following the fall of Irun hundreds of Government supporters crossed the River Bidassoa, some wading and some by boat, to seek sanctuary in French territory. As they landed they stacked their rifles on the shore in accordance with the instructions of the French police and from now onwards they will take no part in the war

and charred Irun after it had been abandoned by all the more important public buildings, burning petrol on to the flames. Some premises were efficiency born of their experience in the pits

APPEAL FOR MERCY: Women of Pozoblanco, near Cordoba, under guard as they processed to the main square to plead with the Popular Front Committee for the lives of their menfolk who were taken prisoner when the Government troops entered the township. Last week this was one of several parts of south-western Spain where the loyalists were in occupation, but since then the rebels have been engaged in "mopping up" operations in the region

Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE BATTLE SCARRED BASQUE COUNTRY: The scene of what has, up to now, been the fiercest fighting of the civil war. On the hills to the extreme left stood the fort of San Martial which was captured by the rebels after a struggle lasting several days and the fall of which paved the way for the occupation of Irun on the morning of September 4

The SPANISH CAMPAIGN

A Survey of the Past Week of Fighting

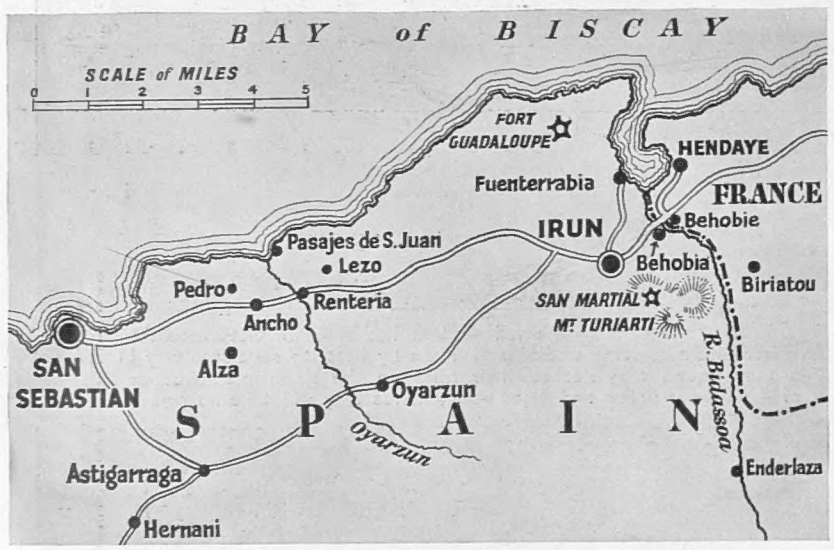
practically every building in the town was ablaze. Flames and vast clouds of smoke leapt high into the air.

Saturday, September 5, Fifty-first Day.—Following their occupation of Irun, the insurgent forces, with Moroccan troops and Foreign Legionaries, began the advance on San Sebastian. By midnight they had captured Fuenterrabia.

Sunday, September 6, Fifty-second Day.—After desultory firing, the Spanish national flag went up over the Red fortress of Guadaloupe, marking the next stage in the anti-Reds' advance on San Sebastian.

Monday, September 7, Fifty-third Day.—Rebels continued advance and Señor Ortega, the Civil Governor, and Señor Larrinaga, the Commissioner for War, prepared the defence of San Sebastian although faced with internal dissension.

Tuesday, September 8, Fifty-fourth Day.—The surrender of San Sebastian considered almost certain although the street fighting between the Basque Nationalists, supporters of the Madrid Government, numbering about 600, and the Anarchists, who wished to fire the city rather than surrender, temporarily ceased and an effort at organisation was made.



THE NORTHERN THEATRE OF WAR: A sketch map of the front on which General Mola has been making his big push. The next objective after Irun was San Sebastian and on Tuesday of this week the inhabitants of the latter town had prepared themselves for the defence, having settled their own internal differences, and the insurgents were less than four miles away, claiming to be in occupation of Pasages

SAN SEBASTIAN HARBOUR, where throughout this week the non-combatants of the town have been embarking on fishing boats and other craft for neighbouring France

Tuesday, September 1, Forty-seventh Day of War.—After a long day of assault on Irun the insurgents were checked only a mile from the town. Under cover of the heaviest artillery barrage of the civil war and intensive air bombing, the attackers stormed the fortified hill of San Martial, the last important line of defence, most of which they now hold.

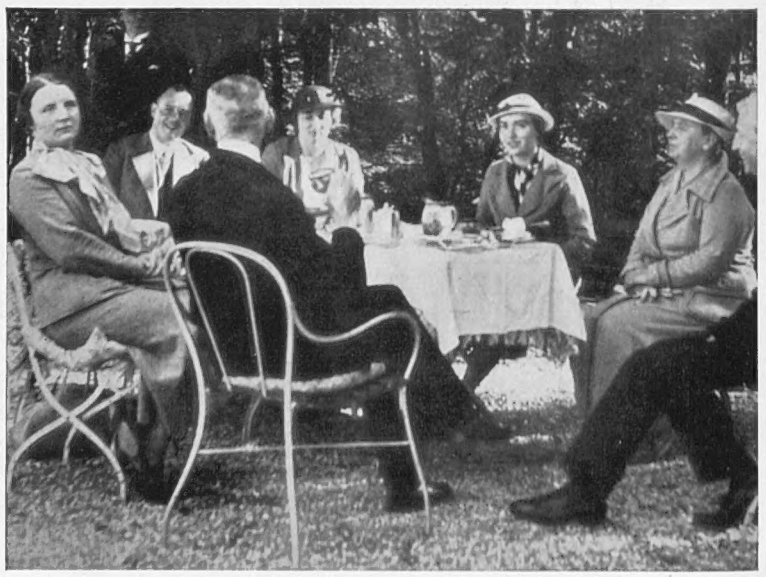
Wednesday, September 2, Forty-eighth Day.—The fall of Irun is now regarded as imminent wrote *The Daily Telegraph*. By its capture the insurgents will hold the only highway between San Sebastian and France, through which the Government forces are stated to have received food and ammunition.

Thursday, September 3, Forty-ninth Day.—Insurgent attack held at bay by stubborn Red defence.

Friday, September 4, Fiftieth Day.—Irun's fate decided when two columns of General Mola's troops poured down upon it from the captured fort San Martial. The defenders contested every house and doorway, but they were forced back remorselessly. Refusing to surrender, they destroyed every building as they abandoned it. Some premises were blown up with dynamite. Others were soaked with petrol and set on fire. Within two hours

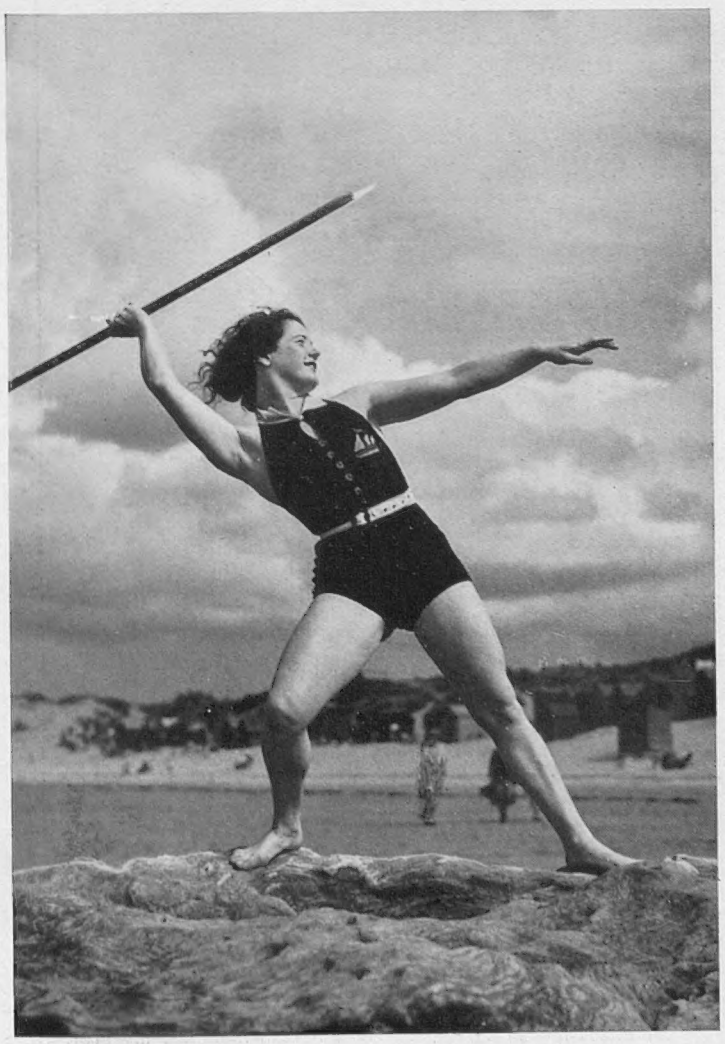
PRINCESS JULIANA'S ENGAGEMENT

THE BETROTHED COUPLE: Princess Juliana (*left*), daughter of Queen Wilhelmina and heir to the throne of the Netherlands, and Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld (*right*), a nephew of the last reigning Prince of Lippe, whose engagement has just been announced and who will probably be married in March or July of next year. Prince Bernhard, who is twenty-five, studied law in Munich and Berlin and passed his final examination a year ago



INFORMALITY: Princess Juliana (left) and Queen Wilhelmina (on right) taking tea in the grounds of their hotel at Weissenburg, Switzerland, where they were on holiday this August when rumours of an engagement were first heard. The Princess who, after her mother, is the last member of the House of Orange-Nassau, is extremely popular in her own country and takes a keen interest in affairs of State. She is twenty-seven

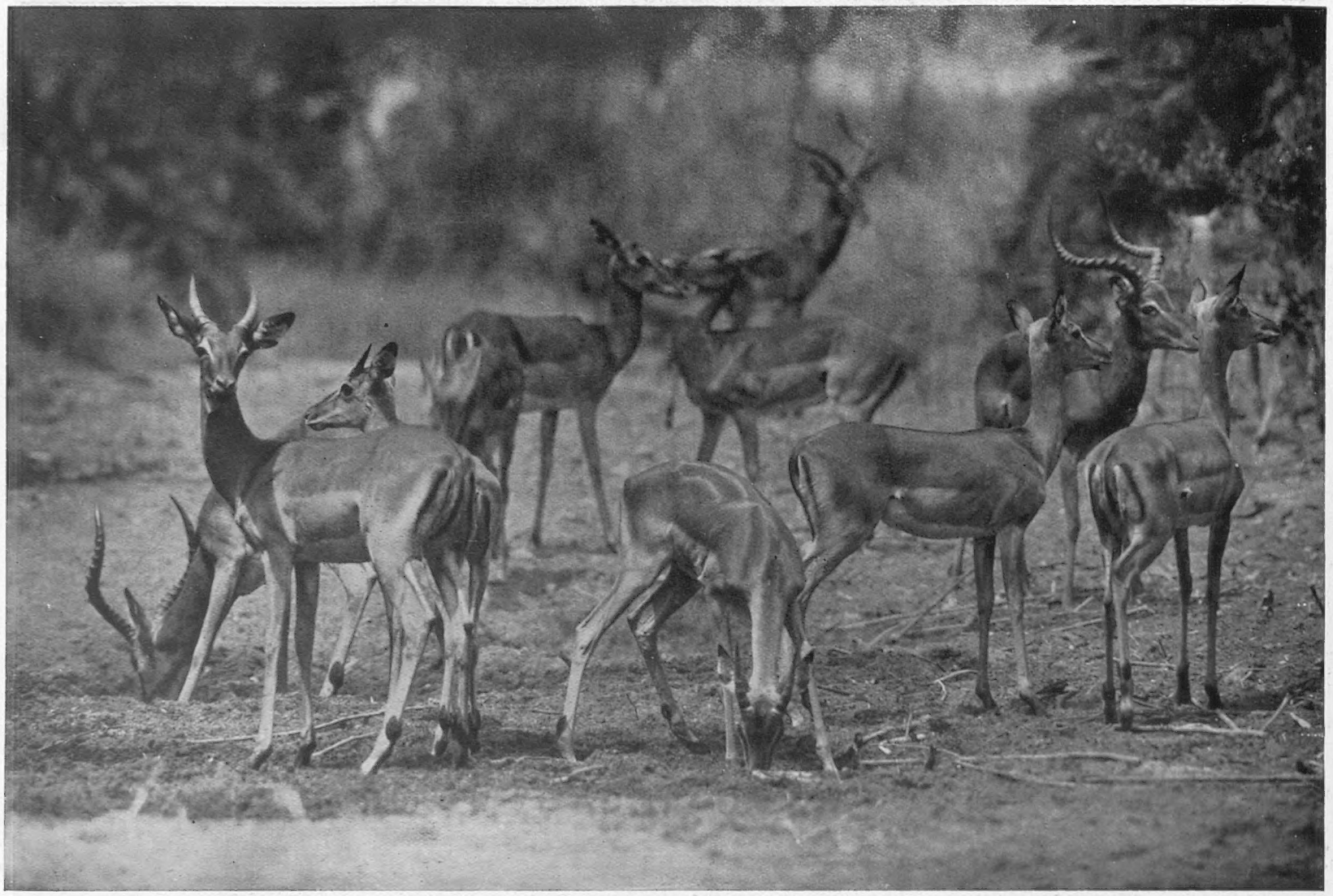
FOUR TAKE THE PLUNGE: An instantaneous camera study from North Berwick pool which has been thronged with bathers during the late summer spell of warm weather. North Berwick, ideally situated on the East Lothian side of the Forth estuary, remains at once one of the most fashionable and popular resorts of Scotland, and the go-ahead local authorities have done much of recent years to increase its amenities for sport and entertainment



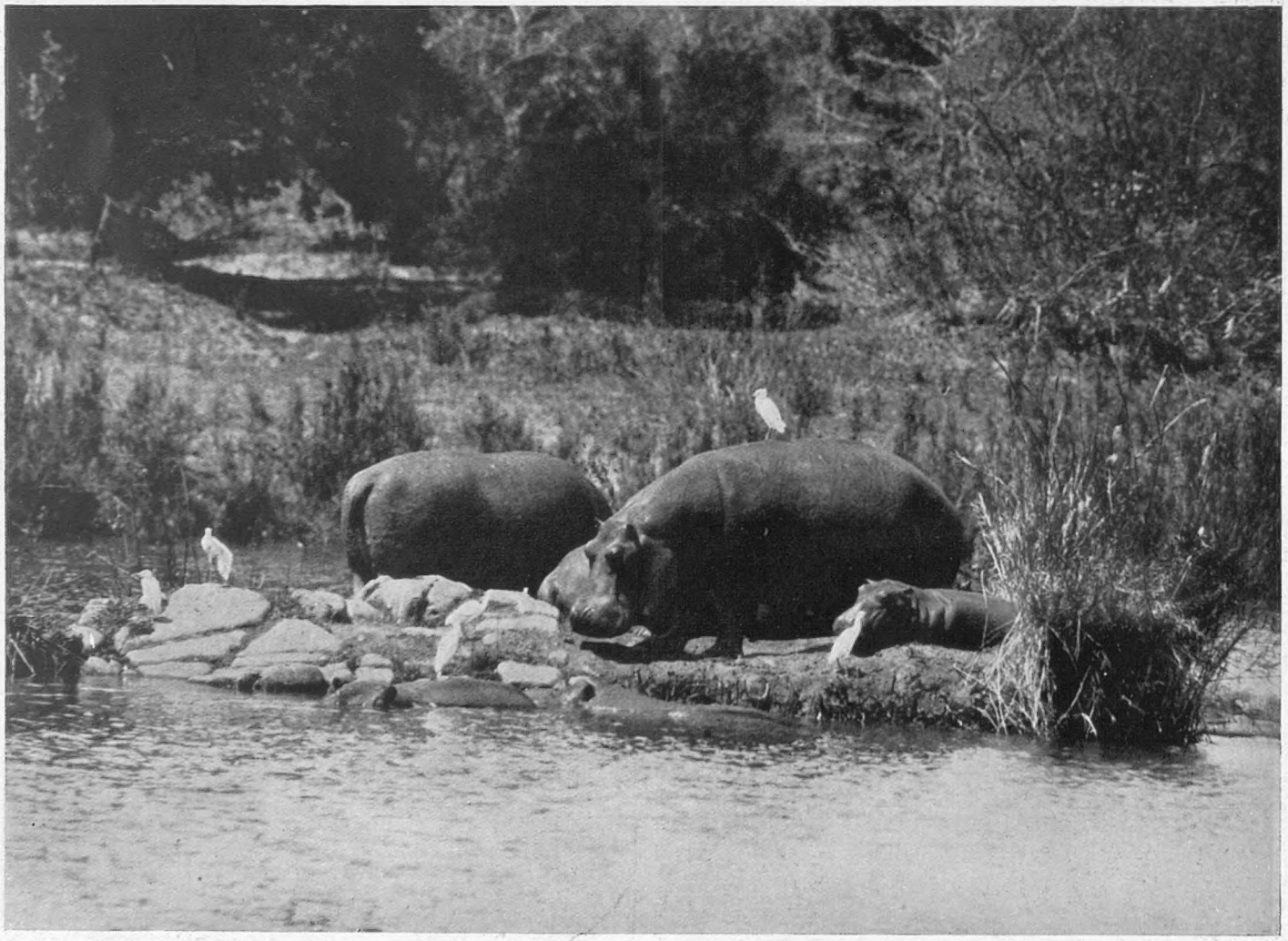
GONE OLYMPIC: This girl, her imagination doubtless fired by the recent feats of sportswomen in Berlin, was a strikingly graceful figure as she practised the art of javelin throwing on the beach

A PAVLOVA OF THE BEACH: Indulging in a strenuous game of tennis after an invigorating morning dip. The players have to dispense with a net, but a court is easily marked out on the firm sand

SUMMER SCENES FROM NORTH BERWICK



GRACEFUL OF FORM AND FLEET OF FOOT: A herd of impala, perhaps the most beautiful and undoubtedly the speediest of all antelope, seen in Kruger National Park, the Transvaal game reserve which has an area of 8,600 square miles and abounds in wild life of every description. As it is within fairly easy reach of Johannesburg, scene of the Jubilee Exhibition, many English visitors will doubtless make a side trip to this vast open-air zoo



BASKING NEAR THE BANKS OF CROCODILE RIVER: The ungainly hippo are found in abundance in Kruger Park. They seldom attack human beings, but they have a most peculiar habit of swimming under boats and upsetting their occupants into the water

BEAUTIES and the BEASTS: An African Nature Study Contrast

FIVE CENTURIES OF FRENCH PORTRAITURE

An Unrivalled Collection of Paintings in a Paris Gallery

Over 150 Exhibits Dating from the Year 1400 to 1900

AN unusually interesting exhibition is at present being held at the gallery of M. André Seligmann, the well-known art dealer in Paris. Here an admirable collection of 154 pictures of the rarest quality represent five centuries of French portrait painting. The exhibits range from 1400 to 1900 and have been carefully chosen from the leading French and foreign collections.

The exhibits have been arranged in such a manner as to permit an instructive study of the evolution of portrait painting in France from century to century. Leading figures at the Courts of François Ier, Henri III, and Catherine de Medici are portrayed by the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Apart from the technique and mode of painting adopted by these artists it is interesting to note the costumes and decors of the period. The painters of this early school—dominated by the mysterious figures of the Clouets—generally executed their portraits with a distinction of restraint and respect both as regards the psychological analysis of their subjects and manner of painting. Jean Clouet and his son François were impartial and impassive in the observation of their sitters; moderation was their keynote in the orchestration of colour. A subdued but precise harmony predominates throughout their art.

Most of the portraits of the personalities at the Court of the Medici were head-and-shoulder paintings. Originating from miniature painting they were always executed on a small scale for portable use; much in the manner of a photograph to-day. Catherine de Medici, of whom there is an excellent portrait by an anonymous artist of the sixteenth century, in the present exhibition, greatly admired the then new mode of portraiture. In addition to these portable portraits she regularly commissioned drawings of her children when she was travelling or absent from them. Anxious as to their progress and state of health, she would write to their governess; "Ne fauldrez de faire paindre au vif par le painctre que vous avez par de là tous mes enfans, tant fils que filles, avec la roine d'Escosse, sans rien oblier de leurs visaiges; mais il suffist que ce soit au créon, pour avoir plus tost faict, et me les envoyez le plus tost que vous pourrez." These portraits were executed; they may to-day be seen at Chantilly.

But among her many children it was for her favourite son, the Duc d'Anjou, the future Henri III, that Catherine de Medici had the greatest ambitions. She dreamt that he might one day wear the crown of England. Thus it was that she commissioned François Clouet to draw two portraits in pencil of the young Prince, a head-and-shoulders portrait and a full-length portrait, so as to have a complete and advantageous rendering of his physiognomy and person. She sent these two drawings to the French Ambassador

(*Continued on page 412*)

GEM OF THE COLLECTION: This portrait of Queen Elizabeth by an unknown artist of the school of Clouet is perhaps the most outstanding of the pictures at the Seligmann Gallery, Paris, where an exhibition representative of five centuries of French portraiture is now being held and has been attracting wide attention among art lovers. The picture, which has never before been shown to the public, is a marvel of delicate craftsmanship and its wealth of detail clearly evidences a master's hand

ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA: The daughter of the Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian II, who married Charles IX of France. A portrait attributed by experts to François Clouet

MARIE D'ANJOU, wife of Charles VII, the weakling king whose coronation was brought about by Joan of Arc. The artist is unknown

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF NAVARRE. This portrait by François Clouet is a subtle harmony of pale pinks and greys and clearly illustrates the artist's restrained use of pigment

FIVE CENTURIES OF FRENCH PORTRAITURE

(Continued from page 411)

in London, announcing that a large portrait in oils would be painted if they were approved of, and if Queen Elizabeth would consider the hand of the young Prince in marriage. But Queen Elizabeth did not express any enthusiasm for the two portraits, or rather their model; and the portrait in oils was never painted. Several portraits, however, were painted at a later date. One of these is in the Seligmann exhibition. It is an exquisite full-length miniature gouache painting on vellum, by François Clouet.

All the characters mentioned in this short account of a tentative alliance between England and France are represented in this exhibition. The most interesting of these—indeed, the most interesting picture of all—is the portrait of Queen Elizabeth by an unknown master of the school of Clouet. This finely painted portrait—the tiny veins in the forehead of the Queen and the jewels in her dress are a marvel of delicacy of painting—is quite unknown and has never before been exhibited. Another famous royal character in the history of Scotland and France is Mary Queen of Scots, of whom there is also a most interesting portrait in this exhibition. This is an equally important and unknown work here shown for the first time. It is thought to be the work of Jean Decourt, a contemporary of the Clouets. This striking and very finely modelled head was, until the present exhibition, catalogued as being a portrait of Elizabeth of Austria, the widow of Charles IX. A similar drawing is reproduced in Nélaton's *Les Clouets et leurs Emules*. But the costume worn by Mary Stuart indicates the date of about 1560, a time when Elizabeth of Austria was still a child.

The well-known resemblance of the two queens was no doubt the cause of this confusion. We are able, in fact, to compare this likeness for, hanging nearby, is a portrait of Elizabeth of Austria, attributed to François Clouet. There are very few portraits of this school that can be definitely ascribed to Jean Clouet or his son, François. Then there was a brother of Jean, whose Christian name is unknown. All we know of him is that he was employed by Marguerite de Navarre and by the King of Navarre, from each of whom he received a grant of £100 per annum. All three Clouets were official Court painters during the sixteenth century, and worked in an identical manner and technique. The many works which cannot be attributed to any one of the three are given the general denomination of Clouet.

Among the other fifteenth-century portraits in this exhibition, those of Marie d'Anjou and Philippe le Beau attract considerable attention.

On left—"LE CHEVALIER D'AMBRE": This picture at the "Five Centuries of French Portraiture" Exhibition in Paris is the work of Jean Clouet, the father of François, and one of the three artists of the same name who flourished in the sixteenth century, holding positions as Court painters

The latter is a charming and sincere piece of painting typical of the honest workmanship of these early masters of the brush. This portrait was formerly considered to be by a Flemish master, and was exhibited as such at the imposing exhibition of Flemish Art recently held at the Orangerie Museum. M. André Seligmann, however, who is a well-known authority on this period of painting, claims it to be the work of a master of the school of the north of France.

In addition to the above-mentioned portraits by sixteenth-century masters, those of Marguerite de Valois —"who painted her face in a most extravagant manner, was named the French Minerva, adored the arts, and was lauded by Ronsard in his poetry"—finely painted by François Clouet in a subtle harmony of pale pinks and greys; and Jean Leveneur, Sire de Carrouge, by an unknown artist, are other outstanding examples of this unrivalled period of portrait painting.

But art is an expression of the time, and with the coming of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries an element of ostentation and vanity become apparent in the portraits of these periods. But the change was a gradual one. We can see how Georges de la Tour's "Portrait de jeune homme à la chandelle" was yet painted in the style of realism and with modesty. This is one of the very few works that can be definitely attributed to the hand of this little known seventeenth-century master of realism. (A short note together with a reproduction of one of de la Tour's works was published in THE SPHERE last December.)

A magnificent self-portrait by David, exemplifying his doctrine of a return to the classic ideal and a portrait of Madame Griois, by Fragonard, are two others of special note.

A study of the 154 portraits in this exhibition will prove the value of Claude Roger-Marx' theory that there are no periods in the history of art. Here are the same physical and spiritual beings appearing throughout the centuries in different attire. And, in spite of the variations of technique and what has been termed the recurring decadence in art, here are the same creative forces appearing under new names.

This exhibition of five centuries of French portraits is unquestionably one of the finest and most interesting ever held in a Paris gallery.

Alexander Watt

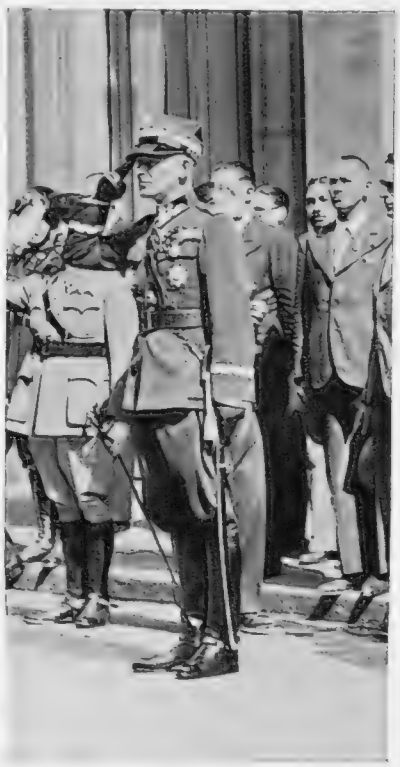
JEAN LEVENEUR, SIRE DE CARROUGE: The subject of this sixteenth-century portrait by an unknown hand was a minister of Queen Eleanor, sister of the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V

A SELF-PORTRAIT BY DAVID, the artist who preserved the classical serenity of French art amid the chaos of the Revolution. In later days he became first Court painter to Napoleon

MADAME GRIOIS, WIFE OF LOUIS XVI's SILVERSMITH: An eighteenth-century beauty in whom Fragonard found an ideal subject for his exquisite and detailed brushwork

POLAND : General Smigly-Rydz, Marshal Pilsudski's Successor, Confers with the Chief of the French General Staff

LEADERS MEET: General Smigly-Rydz (*left*) Inspector-General of the Polish Army, the position in which he succeeded Marshal Pilsudski, greeting General Gamelin, Chief of the French General Staff, when the latter recently paid a visit to Poland; a visit officially stated to be of a purely military character but widely interpreted as evidencing an improvement in Franco-Polish political relations



MAN OF DESTINY: Two recent pictures of General Smigly-Rydz, that on the right taken during his stay in Paris when he returned the visit of General Gamelin and spent some time watching the French military manœuvres. The Polish army chief, who fought with distinction in the great war and in the Polish-Soviet war of 1919-20, earning glowing tributes from Marshal Pilsudski, is to-day one of the most popular figures in his country and his name is likely to loom even larger in the immediate future. He celebrates his fiftieth birthday this year

AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY: General Smigly-Rydz greeted by War Minister Daladier on his arrival in Paris. What transpired at the meeting was not made known

PALESTINE : Renewed Arab Violence Leads to the Initiation of a Firmer Policy by the British Government

MORE TROUBLE IN JAFFA: The procession, including nurses bearing wreaths, leaving the Town Hall at the funeral of two Jewish nurses who were shot by Arabs—an outrage that occurred just when hopes were high that the troubles in Palestine were about to cease and that the racial dispute would be settled by arbitration

MASS PROTEST: Jews, their linked hands making a chain across the roadway, demonstrating outside the house in Jaffa where four of their people were killed. As a result of this and other outrages the British Government has had to initiate an even firmer policy. Arrangements were made last week for reinforcing the eleven battalions already stationed in the country, and if this display of force is not sufficient to restore peaceful conditions it may be necessary to resort to martial law

I.C.S. : The Indian Civil Service and the Opportunities It Offers Now that the Future of the Service Is More or Less Assured by the India Act

+ DESCRIBED BY CHARLES GRAVES +

IN the next few days the results of the combined Civil Service examinations, which include those who have entered for the Indian Civil Service, will be known. This year 145 Europeans have put the Indian Civil Service down as a choice, though not necessarily their first one. This is the highest number of candidates since the war, and incidentally the examination will be the last to be held by the old methods under which candidates have to be taken willy nilly by the authorities in strict order of seniority according to the marks they earned.

In the last few years the numbers of young men eager to go to India have dwindled considerably. This was due very largely to a feeling of uncertainty which existed while the Government of India Act, 1935, was in the making, as to security of conditions of service, pay, and pension for members of the Civil Services in India under the new Constitution. Actually it was twelve years ago that the Lee Commission recommended that out of every 100 appointments filled by direct recruitment, fifty should go to British candidates and fifty to Indians. Since then the Secretary of State has set out to recruit 339 British candidates in eleven years. Up to last December he had been able to recruit only 256. Last year only five appointments went to British candidates. Of them later.

At the present minute there are 757 European members of the Indian Civil Service. There are also something over 450 Indians. The trouble is that in the past it was the Double First who applied proudly and automatically for a job in the Indian Civil Service. What is more, he usually came from the best type of public school. To-day, too high a percentage of candidates come from the lesser schools and with lesser degrees at the University. The trouble with this is that the Indian, himself brought up in a caste-bound existence, is far too quick at being able to spot differences in caste among the white men, so that it is of real importance that as many Civil Servants should come from the "top drawer" as possible.

At the present minute there is a deficiency of some eighty Europeans. It is hoped that this will be remedied within the next few years by the special selection, without examination, of Europeans who are academically well qualified—they will have to be in possession of a second-class honours degree—and who will also be chosen because their school and college records show that they have qualities of character and leadership. At the same time entry by the historic competitive examination will continue and will, it is hoped, supply the ordinary annual requirements which may be put in round figures at about twenty Europeans. By "European" of course is meant a male European British subject of non-Asiatic domicile.

To-day a selected candidate has as much security as ever. After passing his examination he spends a year in England at an approved college. During this period he is paid £300 a year. Having passed a final examination at the end of the twelve months, he goes out to India on a salary of £540 a year. On arrival he is posted to a district, but if he fails in his executive duties the Empire will not rock. It may merely mean that he has failed to smell a drain properly. His chief job really is to get to know people and to pass the departmental examination. This includes a knowledge of various codes of law, and the local language.

He has four chances to pass the departmental examination within two years. But it is unlikely that he will pass it before his third attempt, for in some provinces at all events he has to secure 66 per cent. marks. Having done so, he becomes a full-blown assistant magistrate. (He had begun as a third-class magistrate with powers of giving sentences of one month or a 50-rupee fine. He had meantime risen to being a second-class magistrate—able to inflict a sentence of six months and a fine of 200 rupees.) He can now sentence a prisoner to two years or a fine of 1,000 rupees.

PEOPLE OF THE MOFUSSIL whose welfare so largely depends on the work of the district officers of the I. C. S.

As a full-blown assistant magistrate his district officer gives him a sub-division to run—on an average of about 600 square miles. By this time he is twenty-five years old and has learnt a good deal of law, particularly the penal code. The chief misdemeanours with which he has to deal are theft, burglary, and assault of all sorts. A simple assault is when the malefactor does not break a bone or knock out an eye. A grievous assault is when he does. Adultery is an offence; so is enticing a married woman. All the other offences are at his disposal; if he cannot pass sentence himself, he can commit to sessions. Rioting is a common offence.

So far it may seem that his job is largely magisterial. Actually he also has to try cases under the revenue law and be an executive officer, inspecting seed depots, demonstration plots, sugar factories, and villages undergoing the painful processes of rural uplift. On arrival in court in the morning he has three tasks to perform. He must inspect the submission of any documents that require attention, which may be in English or the vernacular (if the latter, it will be read to him by his court clerk); he must listen to complaints; and he must receive petitions. Most of these will consist of the preliminary documents in some revenue or criminal case, and the orders passed will be purely formal.

His case work will be a mixed bag. Family feuds are common. His other duties include the inspection of excise shops and schools; revision of quinquennial settlements; and enquiries into partition cases which occur when a body of joint proprietors have decided to divide up their property into separate shares.

When in camp in the evening he will probably stroll out with a gun to shoot a game bird or two; or with a rifle to shoot a black-buck. If he is married, his wife will dole out simple medicines to the villagers. If he is wise he will develop some kind of hobby such as carpentry or caste customs. In fact, the sub-divisional district officer, as he is officially known, does all that the Home Secretary performs, and a good deal more.

His future depends now on lucky promotion, but it will generally be a minimum of eight years before he actually becomes permanently a district officer. It is as district officer at the age of thirty-two that he must decide whether or not he is going to specialise. Actually if he had thought of working in the Political Department he would have looked into this very shortly after going to India. Otherwise it is when he is district officer that he must think of his ultimate ambition. He can, for example, continue as he is doing, and rise to the post of Commissioner with a group of districts under him—a job he might secure at the age of forty-seven—which would bring him in up to £2,800 a year. He might even become a member of the Board of Revenue. That would increase his salary still further by anything up to another £400 a year. If, on the other hand, he chose to specialise when district officer, his most probable future would lie with the secretariat at a provincial headquarters—Lucknow, for example. Starting there as deputy secretary, he works his way up to secretary, and may even rise to becoming a member of the Government's Executive Council in the province. Another thing he might do would be to become an Excise Commissioner, or director of industries, or registrar of the co-operative societies.

Sir Malcolm Hailey, who received a peerage in the last birthday honours, is a good example of what a young civil servant of first-class abilities can become. Having got a Double First at Oxford, he joined the Indian Civil Service forty-one years ago. Within three years he had become junior secretary to the Financial Commissioner. Next, he became colonisation officer at Jhelum. Five years later he had risen to be secretary to the Punjab Government. Within a year he was deputy secretary to the Government of India. Four years later he was Chief Commissioner of Delhi—a post he held throughout the War. In 1919 he became a member of the Executive Council of the Governor General. In 1924 he was Governor of the Punjab, from which he was promoted to being Governor of the United Provinces.

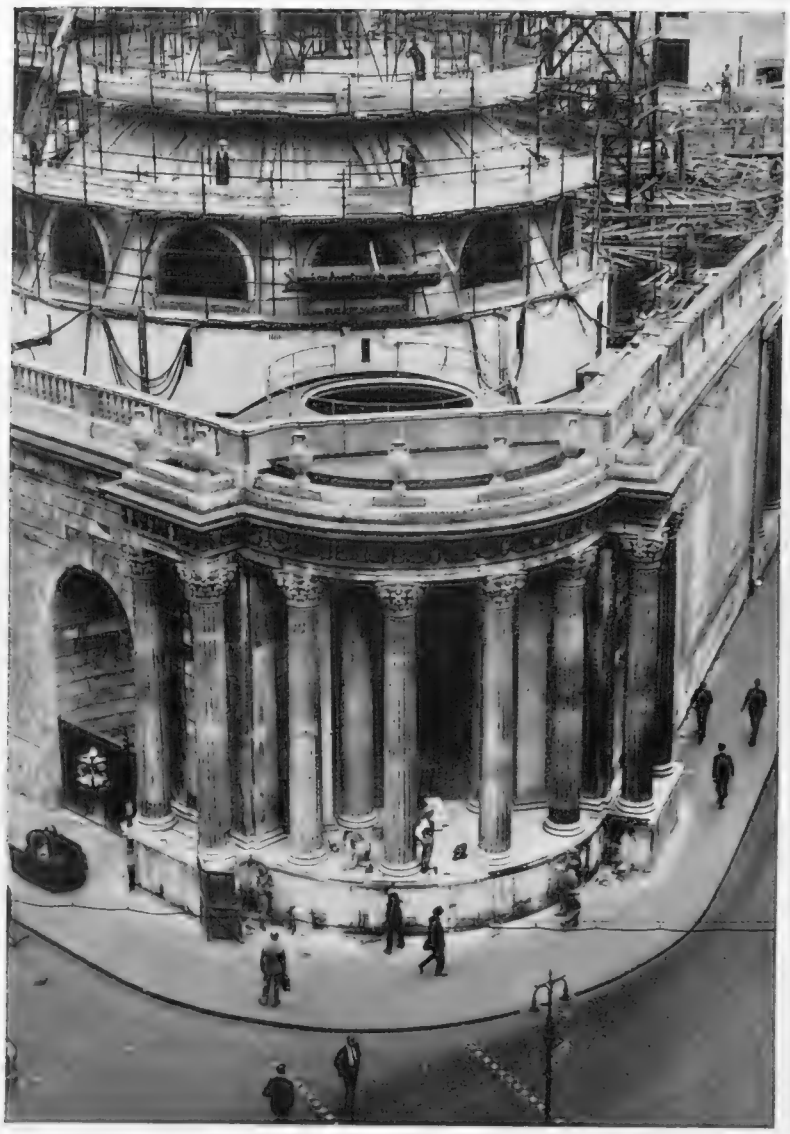
Another possibility of specialisation which I have omitted is the very important Judicial branch. To enter this the young Indian Civil Servant must apply before he becomes district officer. If his application is successful he is sent home for training to some barrister's chambers or to the legislative department of the Government of India. Having fully qualified, he starts with complete criminal powers as district judge. From there he graduates to the post of sessions judge and may end up as a High Court judge.

Every year a member of the Indian Civil Service earns rather more than two-and-a-months' leave on full pay or five months on half pay. He naturally does not take leave out of the country every year, but he can accumulate it, and, before retiring, take the balance standing to his credit up to a maximum of twenty-eight months. Every European officer is entitled to four free passages to and

(Continued on page 440)

CALCUTTA HAS AN EFFICIENT SUBURBAN BUS SERVICE and older forms of transport now find little favour there, for the native is quick to appreciate the innovations of the West

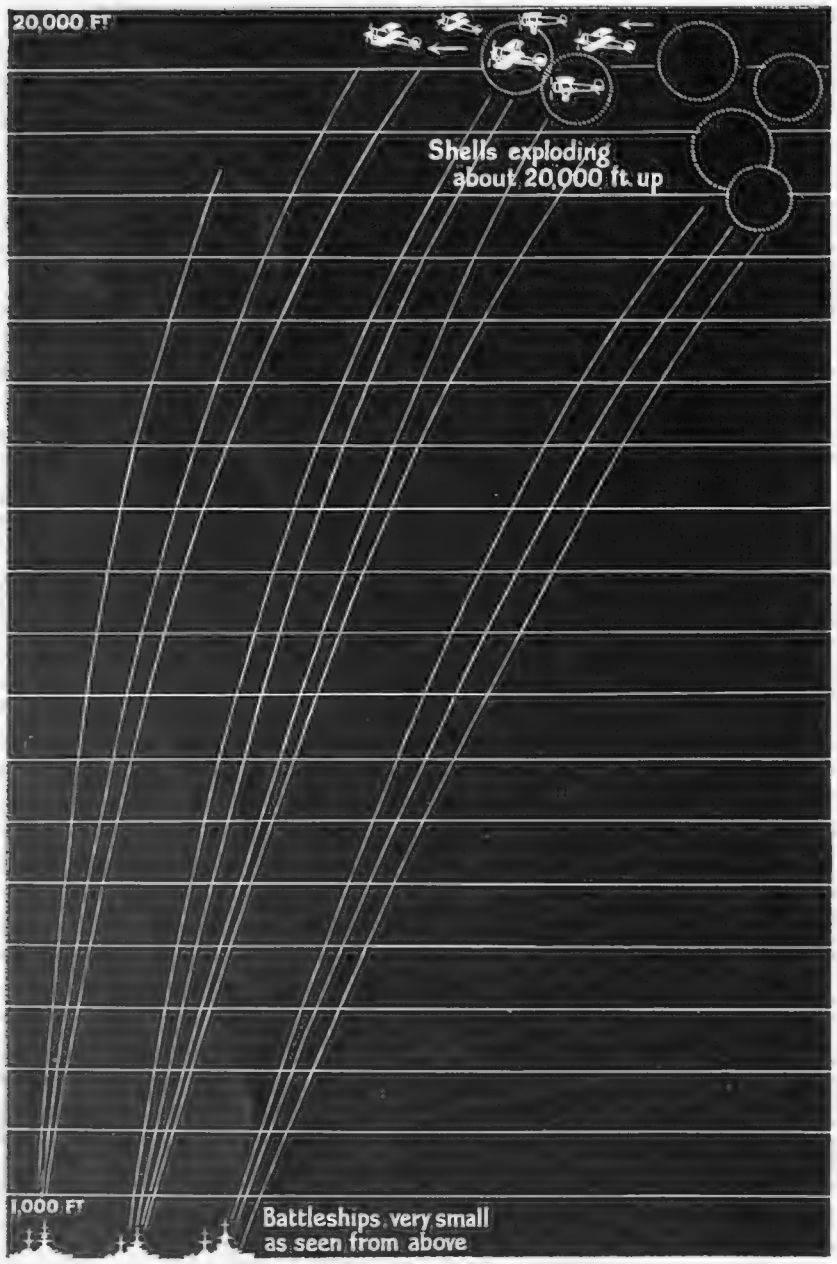
METROPOLITAN



A GIFT TO THE CITY: The railing at the Tivoli corner of the Bank of England has now been demolished and the small area it enclosed together with the forecourt behind the pillars will shortly be presented to the Corporation. The pavement is to be removed under a road-widening scheme, and pedestrians will in future walk through the forecourt from one street to the other

PALACE OF HEALING: Big Ben and the Victoria Tower only just visible above the mass of steel girders that form the framework of the new Westminster Hospital being built at the junction of Marsham Street and Horseferry Road. When completed the hospital will be one of the finest in the country, possessing spacious gardens, a medical school, and well-equipped quarters for the nursing staff

DOCKLAND ENTERPRISE: This stretch of waste land near the Royal Victoria Dock, extending in all over 4½ acres, has just been leased by the Port of London Authority, and on it will be built a mill capable of dealing with a large proportion of the grain brought into the basin by steamers, and of producing approximately 3,000,000 cwt. of flour a year. In the background is the Blue Star liner, *Almeda Star*. *On left*—Levelling off the ground before starting work on the construction of the new mill



HEIGHT AT WHICH AEROPLANE ATTACK CAN BE REPELLED: This first diagram shows attacking planes at the very considerable altitude of 20,000 ft. Anti-aircraft guns can, however, meet this attack and shells from the battleships are shown exploding at the same height. Battleships as seen from the attacking planes at this height are very small objects, and a hit is a matter of luck

BATTLESHIP versus

A Study of the Defence which a Warship Can Put Up

THE TARGET OF THE ATTACKING ENEMY PLANE: The deck of a battleship seen from the air. Only the "diving bomber" which, risking everything, swoops down towards his target will see a battleship with this amount of detail. The high flyers, at 20,000 ft., will only see little shrimp-shaped objects on the great floor of water below

IN the controversy which rages between the warship and the airplane there can be but one ultimate arbiter. And that is modern war. Much may be gleaned from experiments and peace time exercises, but, when all is said and done, these can only approximate to the test of war. In peace time, necessary precautions play their part. Aircraft cannot be subjected to anti-aircraft fire when delivering an attack; and ships cannot be subjected to attack by live bombs and torpedoes.

But, in actual fact, the effect of live bombs and torpedoes can be accurately gauged by experiment to a far greater degree of accuracy than can the effect of anti-aircraft gun-fire upon aircraft. True, science has evolved the wireless-controlled "Queen Bee" aircraft for target use: But these are expensive and few and far between. Moreover, it is doubtful whether they provide a complete test to the anti-aircraft defence of a modern warship. I remember the exercises following the Jubilee Review of the Fleet last year. Much was made of the "Queen Bees." In actual fact one of the two machines available crashed ignominiously, and the other was brought down by anti-aircraft fire before ever getting within range of the more deadly weapons of the ships.

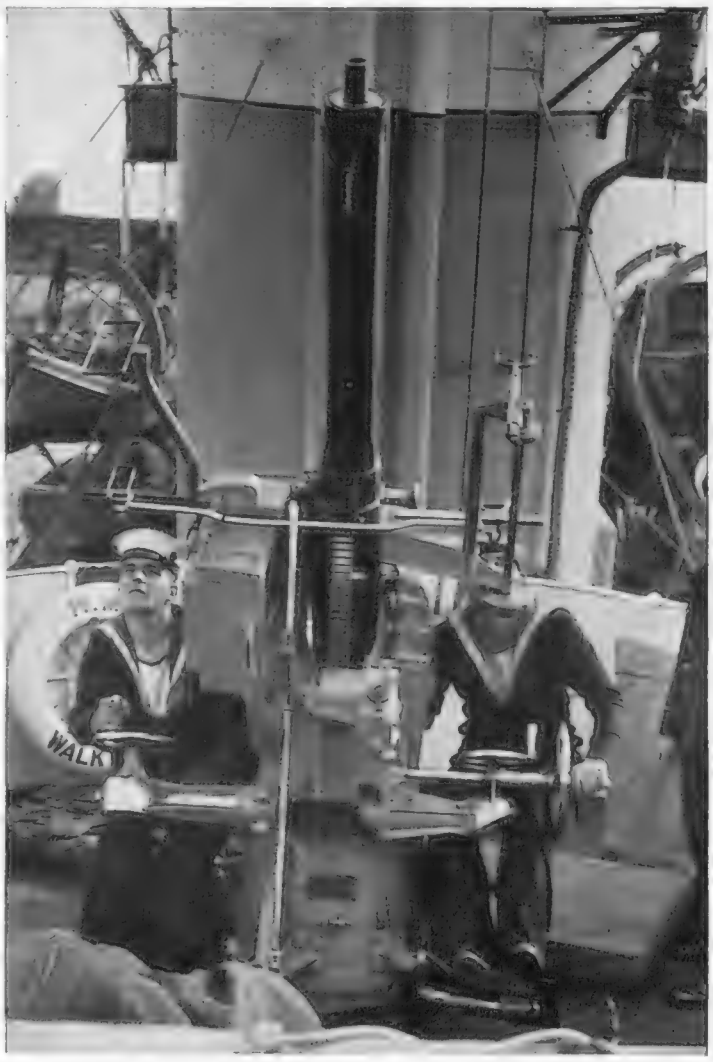
No wonder the question gives rise to controversy. It is right that it should, for we should be in a poor position if our experts did not have faith in their weapons.

But those advocates of air power who go to extremes and hold that air power can displace the capital ship as the ultimate arbiter of the command of the seas, seem to forget one thing and under-estimate another. They forget in their argument that a bomb can damage a battleship, that the battleship is not likely to be alone.

A single battleship may be found on the ocean in the piping times of peace when on passage to or from her station. In war, however, a single battleship will never be seen at sea. Moreover, the squadron of battleships will not go unattended. Even in the last war the "sweeps" of the North Sea were carried out by the entire fleet—capital ships, cruisers, and destroyers.

There are three forms of air attack. First there is high bombing. Apart altogether from anti-aircraft defence, this is not regarded as a serious menace to the Fleet because, even when not interrupted by intense anti-aircraft fire or fighting machines, the percentage of bomb hits to be expected is infinitesimal. Secondly there is what is called "dive bombing." In this form of attack the aircraft dives at the ship and only releases the bomb when a hit is assured. Again, without taking counter measures into consideration, this is not regarded as a great menace. True, bombs may, if they hit, make a nasty mess of superstructures. But the modern ship is designed to carry on without superstructures. Moreover, the bomb released from an aircraft diving at her target does not penetrate an armoured deck. This is the considered opinion of those whose business it is to design a bomb which *will* penetrate, and the reasons for this lack of penetration are bound up in the fact that the bomb released from a diving machine does not achieve its limiting velocity.

The third method is the attack by torpedoes dropped from aircraft. This has always been regarded as the most dangerous form of air attack upon a fleet. The reason for this lies not only in the damage which may be inflicted, but in the tactical advantage which may be gained by the enemy if a fleet is forced to alter course to avoid torpedoes dropped by aircraft.



TRAINING ON AN ATTACKING PLANE FROM A DESTROYER: The handles control the vertical and left and right movements of the gun; both men are looking through sights which differ considerably in form

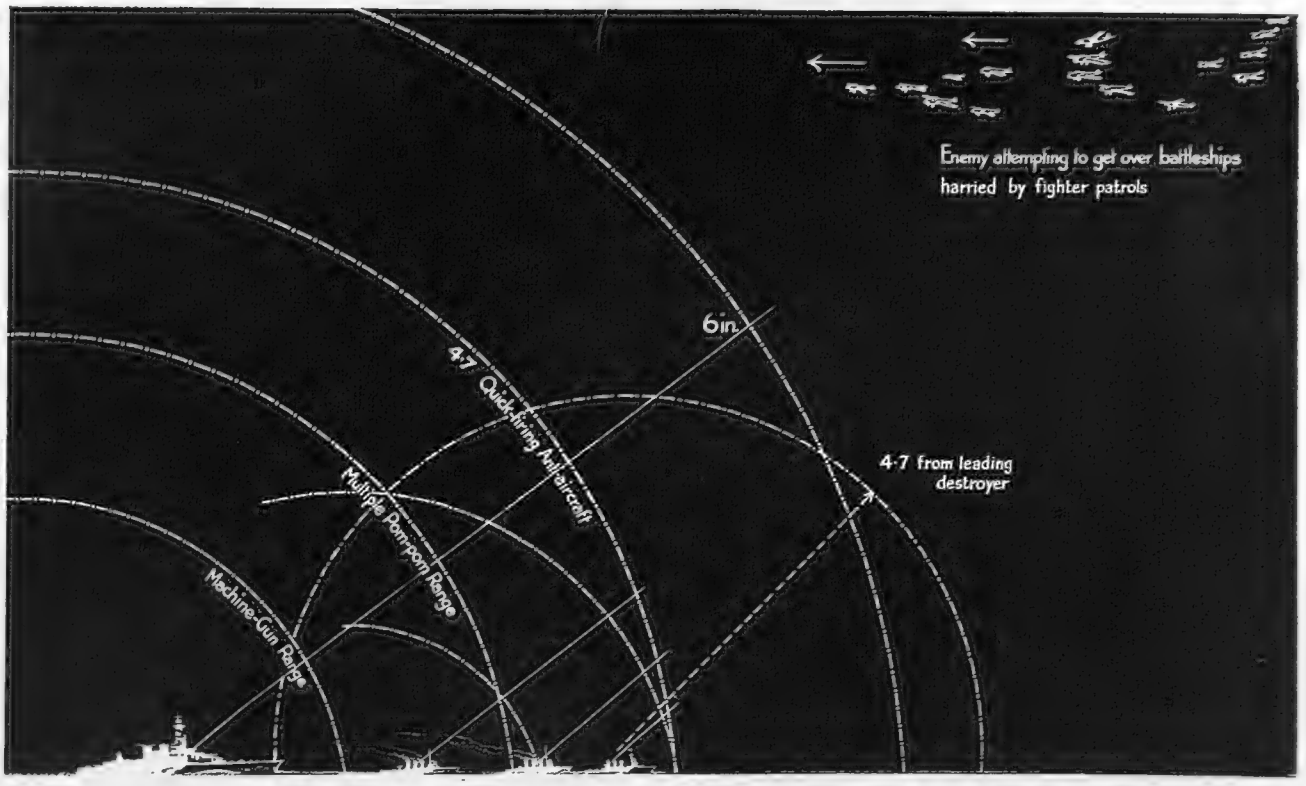
A TORPEDO ATTACK: The enemy plane is approach rapidly in the direction of the battleship. On diagram it at once meets 6-in. gun-fire from the

PLANE

Against Attack from the Air

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER
KENNETH EDWARDS
R.N. (Ret.)

And now to the Fleet's defence against aircraft. Against high bombing, as against any other form of air attack, there is first of all the protective patrol of fighting machines. The last war saw the element of surprise reduced enormously. Since then the developments in radio direction-finding, intelligence, and air reconnaissance patrols have ensured that a fleet will not be within hundreds of miles of an enemy without knowledge of their presence. And so soon as their presence is suspected "fighter patrols" will be sent out in relays. These fighter patrols will harry the enemy aircraft, be they bombers or torpedo bombers, until they come within gun range of the ships. Then, the high bombers will be subjected to rapid anti-aircraft fire, not from single anti-aircraft guns, but from the guns of several ships. The modern battleship carries at least six anti-aircraft guns of 4·7 inch calibre and a very high rate of fire. A squadron of four will therefore carry twenty-four of these guns. Added to this must be considered the attached cruisers and destroyers. The modern cruiser can cock up her main armament of 8-inch or 6-inch guns to fire almost vertically, and the modern destroyer can do the same with its 4·7 inch guns. Thus the aircraft will have a most uncomfortable time at anything below 20,000 ft.—a height from which bomb hits may be regarded as flukes.



A MASSED ATTACK UPON BATTLESHIPS: The enemy on entering the area is harried by fighter patrols but moving forward in the direction of a vertical position over the battleship 6-in. gun-fire is encountered from the battleship, and 4.7 from a leading destroyer. If the enemy aircraft drop lower they would meet 4.7 fire, multiple pompom fire, and machine-gun fire from the battleship

The diving bomber will have an even rougher passage. The mere fact of its diving at the target will make it a relatively steady target. First it must run the gauntlet of the 4·7 anti-aircraft guns. Before these have finished the new multi-barreled pompom (known in the Service as the "Chicago piano") will speak. It is not permitted to give the rate of fire of this gun, but it is no exaggeration to say that it literally fills the air with high explosive. And then the multiple machine guns, firing explosive and incendiary bullets from three or four barrels simultaneously. Add to this a few single machine and Lewis guns, and one is forced to admit that the aircraft which gets through thoroughly deserves to hit with its bomb.

Since torpedo bombing has always been regarded as the greatest menace to ships the defence against this form of air attack is the greatest. To appreciate it one must realise that torpedo bombing aircraft fly high until they see their target. During the approach they are harried by the fighter patrols, and here they are at a definite disadvantage since their manœuvrability is seriously curtailed by the

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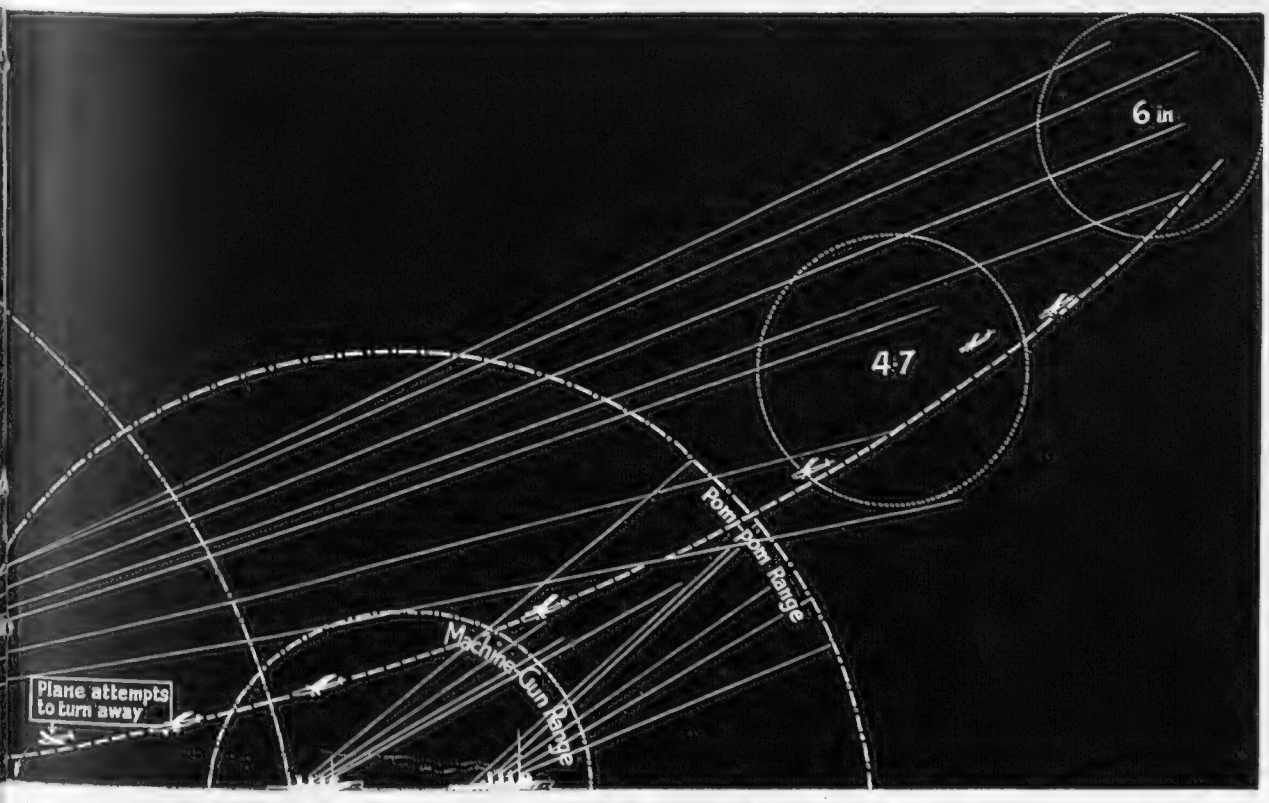
READY FOR USEFUL ANTI-AIRCRAFT WORK: The long, slender barrel of the destroyer's armament is capable of putting up a sound defence upon the approach of enemy planes



ing from the right, and dropping entering the area shown in the battleship, and a little later 4.7 fire. As it gets lower it will enter the pompom range from the accompanying destroyers, and still lower, the machine-gun range is entered. After discharging its torpedo the plane attempts to turn away. To accomplish this successfully a great amount of luck is required

THE LAST LINE OF DEFENCE: If an enemy plane sees red and dashes straight at a given target it would finally, if it escaped the outer barrage of shell fire, encounter a deadly spraying of machine-gun bullets

WATCHING the WAR from FRANCE

Newspaper Correspondents and Residents in the Frontier Towns Witness the Battle for Irun Across the Frontier

REPORTING SIMPLIFIED: Correspondents and photographers of English and foreign newspapers and news agencies were able to watch the great battle for possession of Irun from the French side of the frontier, and these two pictures were actually taken on the slopes above Biriatou during a Government artillery action against the rebel lines. From this vantage point it was possible to survey the whole battlefield, and one journalist was actually in a position to report much of the struggle from his hotel, his colleagues in Fleet Street hearing as he telephoned the rattle of machine-guns and the noise of bursting shells

GRANDSTAND: Residents of Hendaye, the Franco-Spanish border town, gathered near the frontier barriers to watch the progress of the war in neighbouring Irun. Last week they witnessed from this point a fierce bombardment by rebel planes, and much of the action which culminated on Friday in the fall of the town and the massacre of the inhabitants. *Below*—Refugees arriving at Hendaye after crossing the international bridge. An almost endless stream of them has been passing through

OWING to the unique situation journalists had wonderful opportunities for reporting the battle for Irun and, as noted above, were sometimes able to watch events without having to cross into Spain, and at all times were able to make use of telephones at Behobie, Biriatou, or Hendaye, thus avoiding the strict censorship which would tend to destroy the interest of their messages. Extracts from three of the more graphic accounts appear below.

Jossleyn Hennessy, the *News Chronicle* special correspondent whose writings have often appeared in THE SPHERE, phoned as follows on September 1: "Through field glasses I witnessed a tensely dramatic episode on the Punta Ridge; 6-in. shells were falling accurately all round the redoubt at minute intervals. A stretcher party of six struggled up the mountain side through the flame and smoke and disappeared into the redoubt. A minute later they emerged with a man on the stretcher, while four men carried wounded on their shoulders. Twenty seconds after they had left the spot it received three simultaneous direct hits. Once I saw a man blown into the sky. Another time I saw a party emerge from a dug-out just as two shells fell. Steel helmets, sandbags, and other objects soared into the air. . . . In the morning I saw three rebel planes bomb Irun. As I am telephoning a stray bullet falls within 5 ft. of the window in my room. The proprietress of the hotel has fled to safety."

O. D. Gallagher, the *Daily Express* staff reporter who was recently in Abyssinia, is another writer whose accounts have been read with great interest, and the following paragraph by him would certainly have been censored if he had tried to send it from Spain. "Despite the fierceness of the fighting the soldiers in this area are showing unexpected friendliness towards each other. It is common for Government and rebel fighters to shout to each other from their lines, each asking why the other is killing a brother Spaniard."

"Windows have been smashed and roof tiles split here in Behobie," writes the *Morning Post* correspondent. "In the streets this afternoon I picked up a ricochetting rifle shot—one of many which, still hot from its flights, fell rattling at my feet. A small boy hastened along to beg for the trophy—it might have been a cigarette card. Somewhat hastily I turned into a café cheerful with music from a loud speaker; and in a few moments the suave voice of a B.B.C. announcer was saying, 'We are now taking you over to the Commodore Theatre, Hammersmith.' I rather wished they could."

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N : REBELS AND "REDS" STRUGGLE FOR HUESCA, IRUN, SAN SEBASTIAN, AND THE GUADARRAMAS

aled in these sandbag and rock emplacements on the Guadarrama front north of Madrid, hem, wave upon wave of "red" troops falling before their accurate fire. Up to the region had shown little change since the outbreak of the civil war, but the insurgents n that they were holding their own against an infinitely larger force. General Mola achine guns and he had high hopes that these would be instrumental in deciding the issue

l helmet but otherwise scantily clad owing to the extreme heat, firing from a dug-out ragossa. The insurgents have been suffering reverses in this area, and a few days ago completely surrounded, largely by "reds" advancing along the road from Barcelona

PAVING THE WAY FOR AN ATTACK: Steel-helmeted rebel cavalrymen sweeping the enemy lines with machine-gun fire during an action near Andoain, a key point on the road to San Sebastian. General Mola's forces met with determined opposition here, but eventually succeeded in overcoming it

TOLL OF CIVIL STRIFE: Loyalists carrying one of their wounded comrades from the front line; a picture taken during the desperate, but unsuccessful, defence of Irun, a town of little commercial importance though vital to the interests of the Government. The fighting in the Basque country has been on a larger scale than in the Guadarramas, and artillery has played a big part

RUM QUAY

A Romantic Feature of the West India Docks to be Moved to the St. Katherine Dock to Aid the Efficient Working of the Port of London

RUM QUAY! There is not a name in the normally unromantic business of port administration which quickens the imagination in the same way with its picture of lofty West Indiamen, curly-bearded sailormen, always willing to vary their sailoring with a little buccaneering, the whole atmosphere of "Westward Ho!", and over all the clinging smell of caramel. To many the decision of the Port of London Authority to move the best known Rum Quay of all from the West India Docks to the St. Katherine, close under the shadow of the Tower, amounts almost to sacrilege.

The rum trade owed its prosperity largely to the deliberate policy of cutting out French brandy by gin distilled at home, and rum brought from the West Indian colonies, a policy which was only partially successful on account of the efforts of the smugglers. The trade was originally principally with Bristol, but when rum was made a substitute for beer in the King's ships, and Naval victualling was centred on London river, the Thames got its share of trade and an increasing number of West Indiamen were based on London.

THE VATS DEPARTMENT (*above*) and the export vaults (*left*) at Rum Quay, West India Docks, where in the eighteenth century the whole of Britain's rum trade was concentrated

As a general rule these West Indiamen, compared with the lordly East Indiamen, were small and smart. In spite of the fact that they were among the fastest sailers and the handiest ships in the Merchant Service, they nearly always sailed under naval convoy, with the result that when a West Indian convoy arrived in the river there was immediately congestion, the cargo facilities were overstrained, and many of the ships had to stay in the stream for long periods, either denuded of their men or with crews who were getting more and more out of hand, before they could get attention and land their cargo which always consisted very largely of sugar and rum.

That gave the various river pirates of the Thames their opportunity and there were any number of them to take advantage of it. Divided into light horsemen, heavy horsemen, scuffle hunters and a dozen other categories by the particular methods of their working, they regarded the West Indiamen as their richest prizes. £250,000 worth of cargo looted out of a total trade of £11,000,000, compared with only £25,000 out of nearly as big a trade by the East Indiamen, was regarded as inevitable, but some West Indiamen waiting a long time for attention would have as much as 25 per cent. of their whole cargo stolen. Sometimes the river pirates would overcome the crew and take what they wanted by force, but more often they worked in collusion with ship's officers and seamen who considered that they owed nothing to their owners on account of the treatment received.

No trade, however prosperous, could stand the losses that the West Indian business had to face, so in 1799 an Act of Parliament authorised the construction of the West India Dock—there was only one to begin with—far more as a fortress than as a place for the scientific handling of cargo. The company was compelled to protect the dock by a wall, built of brick or stone, which was not to be less than 30 ft. high and which was to be fitted with strong gates with guardhouses from which an armed guard could beat off the most determined marauders. Outside the wall a wide moat was to be dug and once the Indiaman was inside, it required a very determined thief to get at her cargo.

TESTING FOR STRENGTH in the Rum Quay Custom House

This dock fortress was a success from the first. The 71 lb. of sugar which the importers and underwriters expected to lose out of every hogshead were reduced to 8½ lb., while rum losses were practically eliminated, from an average of four gallons per barrel imported, to little more than one two-hundredth part of a gallon. In the first twenty years of its existence it was reckoned that the dock saved the merchants £5,184,000 and the revenue £3,339,000, for it was obvious that stolen rum was smuggled ashore and none of it paid duty.

Rum Quay became one of the most important sections of the port facilities of London, for the West India Docks were given, under the Act of Parliament which permitted their construction, a twenty-one-year monopoly of the West Indian trade. From 1802 to 1823 the whole of the rum trade, a surprisingly big one in those days, was concentrated, and when the monopoly expired and was not renewed, the business remained. For one thing the West India Docks were most convenient in every way, for a second the trade was already concentrated there and had become a settled custom, and for a third nearly all the shares in the dock company were held by merchants in the West Indian business.

Pictures by William Davis

SPIRIT OF THE INDIES: Looking for damaged casks in a consignment of rum. The value of the contents of each of these barrels, including duty, runs into many hundreds of pounds

By the middle of the nineteenth century the importance of the West Indian trade had declined very greatly and the free trade policy had changed its whole character. Up-to-date wharves on the open riverside competed with the West India Dock for the business and gradually got more and more of it as the old connections weakened. This tendency has steadily increased of recent years and as the East India Docks have become obsolete a large part of their trade has been transferred to the West India and has driven out many of the original interests. But some of the old West Indian trades remain, especially hardwoods and rum, and practically all the rum which arrives in London is placed, for a time at least, in the vaults of the Rum Quay in West India Docks. This is not only the principal depot in London for the trade but caters for the whole of the United Kingdom, the storage for over 40,000 puncheons being normally more than three-quarters full. A lot is stored there which is never intended for British consumption; in due course it is transhipped to ports all over the world.

The suggestion which is now being considered by the heads of the Port of London Authority is that this rum business shall be taken away from the West India Docks altogether, where the space that it occupies is badly needed by other trades, and

(*Continued on page 440*)

America Flocks to See the Quins...

QUIN FEVER: A crowd waiting for admission to the private hospital at Callander, Ontario, where the famous Dionne quintuplets are on view at certain times each day, and where of recent months the volume of visitors has risen to new record heights. During July 140,000 people journeyed to this once obscure township to peep at the wonder children, while it is anticipated that the figures for August and September will bring the summer total to close on half a million. The windows are so constructed that the Quins cannot see the visitors and continue with their play unaware that they are the cynosure of thousands of eyes

HAY-MAKING: Such is the increased interest in the Quins (locally called Quints) that their father has opened this souvenir and hot-dog shop near the entrance to the hospital, and is doing a roaring trade which allows him little time for his normal occupation as a farmer, but provides him with a harvest from the tourist the like of which he never got from his fields even in the old boom days

CATERING FOR THE TOURIST: *Left*—This clock has been set up by Mr. Dionne outside his store in order to advise his customers of the time at which the Quins will be next on view. He himself has nothing to do with the exhibition of the children as they are not under his control. *Right*—The original basket in which the babies were placed at birth is another of Callander's many attractions

SIDE LINES: Stones from the Hospital, which are supposed to have the virtue of imparting fertility, are bought by some women visitors to Callander, while St. Alphonsus Church does a brisk business in "Souvenirs of the Land of Quintuplets"

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR IN CANADA'S FAR WEST: Sir Percy Vincent, who has been visiting Vancouver for the Golden Jubilee celebrations, pictured with Commander Poland (*left*), the London City Marshal, and the Mayor of Vancouver (*right*) after inspecting a detachment of the mounted police

HARLEM EXODUS: The old paddle-steamer *City of Keamburg* arriving at Kingston, N.Y.S., from New York City with a party of nearly 2,000 negroes who had made the excursion up the Hudson river to inspect the site of the agricultural colony which is being established by their religious leader Father Divine and which he calls the "promised land." Father Divine has an enormous following among the coloured people and is initiating many schemes to better their lot

BELIEVE IT OR NOT! Pine Valley Golf Club, New Jersey, scene of America's victory over Great Britain in the Walker Cup, is, strange to relate, a properly constituted borough in itself, having one of its members as mayor, and six councillors, consisting of the mayor's wife, three men members, and the wives of two of them. The green-keeper is chief-of-police. The purpose of this municipal constitution is to avoid heavy taxes and all outside interference

...And Other News from Canada and the U.S.

STAGE AND

"Swing Along" a Trifle Too Topical : A Depressing and Embarrassing Play at the Vaudeville

By PHILIP PAGE

SAVOYARDS ALL: Members of the D'Oyly Carte Company pictured together on the *Carinthia* when they arrived in New York for the Gilbert and Sullivan season which they are giving at the Martin Beck Theatre, scene of their triumphs in 1934. Front row—Sydney Granville, Marjorie Eyre, Sylvia Cecil, Martyn Green, Evelyn Gardiner, Elizabeth Nickell-Lean, Brenda Bennett. Back row—Robert Wilson, John Dean, Frank Steward, Harry Arnold, Leslie Rands, Ann Drummond-Grant, Isidore Godfrey, and Frederick Hobbs

THE activities of assassins and revolutionaries I have never thought funny on the stage, except in grand opera where they are not intended to be anything of the sort. The authors of *Swing Along*, the new Gaiety musical-comedy, were treading highly dangerous ground when they set their plot among warring political parties somewhere in Southern Europe. The situation is at the moment just a trifle too topical.

True, the opposing sides are Yellow-shirts and No-shirts. But if Black-shirts and Brown-shirts are absent, we see uniforms of Hitlerian cut and a Fascist salute of a sort, reduced to absurdity by a Communist clench in the middle of it. We also see and hear revolvers, and Mr. Leslie Henson wears a murder-proof shirt out of which he empties spent bullets, after each attempt on his life, with as much nonchalance as if he were shelling peas.

This is probably the nearest attempt at a political musical-comedy, light-hearted nonsense though it is, the Gaiety has ever seen. And perhaps it is not a bad plan to confine be-shirted antics to the musical-comedy stage. In other places they may be just as amusing, but more mischievous. The attitude is a very English one and the Gaiety a very English institution.

For the rest, *Swing Along* is built precisely according to an accepted plan. Its predecessor, *Seeing Stars*, was a big success, so an almost identical policy has been adopted, and wisely. Again we see that admirable and bulky comedian, Mr. Fred Emney leading the apolaustic life in a casino-cum-cocktail-bar atmosphere, hating his wife, becoming entangled with a blonde, and wanting to marry someone off to somebody. Again, Mr. Roy Royston makes love to Miss Louise Browne, dances with her, sings at her, and displays romantic seriousness in a white suit of impeccable cut. Miss Browne being a skilled ballet dancer as well as a musical comedy ingenue, again has a ballet provided for her at the end of Act I, and twirls and spins exquisitely to some pleasant music by Mr. Martin Broones. Mr. Broones has written also some catchy numbers on less ambitious lines, and Mr. Debroy Somers and his band (again to the fore) do them full justice.

Mr. Richard Hearne, a young man who has adopted a grey wig, a scarlet face, and a black morning-coat as his stage uniform, thereby giving the effect of a drunken churchwarden, is there to be funny and to dance. He was funny, particularly so with a camera and a huge brass musical instrument; at the first performance he was prevented from dancing by an injured knee.

And there is Mr. Leslie Henson, droll and genius. Never has he been so droll nor his genius so apparent. Newcomers to the company are Miss Zelma O'Neal, a blonde and vital imp from America who is pep personified, and Mr. Gavin Gordon, a subtle comedian who has to confine himself to vocal Mosleyism, and is thus rather wasted.

ADORNING DEAUVILLE: Frances Day, wearing a becoming, halo hat and a "winning" smile. She was one of many stage and screen "favourites" at the Grand Prix meeting

"Gentle Rain."—Revolutions can, as we have seen, be made fun of on the stage. Only unmentionably bad taste could make fun of incurable disease; yet to treat the subject seriously and sincerely, as in the case of *Gentle Rain* at the Vaudeville Theatre, can in certain circumstances be as painful and as embarrassing. We have just seen a play of rather finer quality fail at the Queen's Theatre—*The Ante Room*—mainly because of the gloom engendered by a stage littered with doctors and nurses and dialogue cluttered up with talk of approaching death. But *The Ante Room* was a giddy carnival compared with *Gentle Rain*.

It is not my business to say that no play dealing with such subjects as hopeless invalidism and the ethics of putting some poor incurable creature out of misery by merciful euthanasia should ever be produced at all. That happens to be my opinion simply because it is inevitable that a certain percentage of the audience must, for reasons of their own, be depressed by such plays, and also because, apart from such considerations, to expect the box office to be made busy by doleful drama of this type shows an optimism both

SCREEN BIOGRAPHY: The burgomaster, accompanied by other civic dignitaries and their ladies, watches the unveiling of Rembrandt's giant picture, "The Night Watch," a canvas that fails to meet with his approval, much to the amazement of the artist. A dramatic moment in the London Films Production, *Rembrandt*, which Alexander Korda is directing and has Charles Laughton in the title role

A SUCCESS IN THE MAKING: *Left*—Members of the cast taking a production, *Careless Rapture*, which will no doubt fill the Theatre in the right-hand picture, has a first-rate part, and co-starring than fifteen scenes, the most spectacular of which represents

SCREEN

inexplicable and ill-founded. Even Grand Guignol has never really flourished in this country though that did have the sense to keep its horrors short and sharp, and to follow the eye-gouging and the burial alive with amusing trifles by way of contrast and antidote. But *Gentle Rain* is a long play without any form of relief, of desperate sincerity not always equalled by technical proficiency, for its characters are out of stock and they say just what we expect them to say.

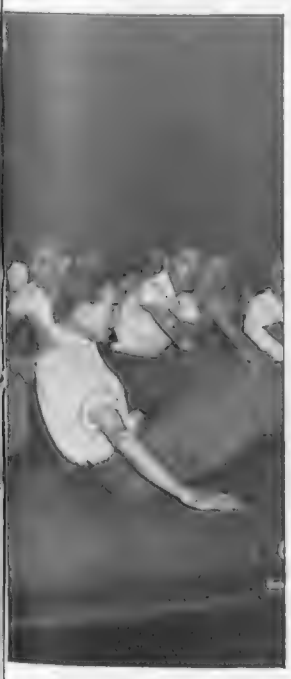
On the face of it the melodramatic theme is workable enough. A wife puts her husband out of his pain with an intentional overdose of morphia. The doctors had refused —at enormous length—any such relief. A die-hard grandmother is against the wife, who is suspected of having killed her husband because a former lover (missing, believed dead) unexpectedly turns up, and is tried for murder. There is a "happy ending"—if anything in this play could be called happy—in that she is acquitted. But the treatment is flat and theatrical, and, frankly, "even if it were good I wouldn't like it."

Miss Haidée Wright was tense and quivering and a little over-emphatic as the grandmother. Mr. Alan Napier suffered nobly, Miss Viola Keats was admirable as that benevolent murderess, his wife, and Mr. Ian Fleming and Mr. Julian Royce displayed the grave-side manner as a couple of doctors.

FRANCIS LEDERER has turned cowboy in his latest film, *My Arizona Wife*, which Harold Young has directed for Paramount and has Ann Sothern and Billie Burke among the supporting players. This good-looking and talented Czechoslovakian actor has now been in Hollywood for over three years, but he has yet to score a real screen hit

FOR HER FANS: Ruth Etting, the American radio star who has come to this country to appear in Felix Ferry's forthcoming revue, autographing the new Edward VIII postage stamps outside Shaftesbury Avenue Post Office

IN HOLLYWOOD VEIN: When completed this representation of a Spanish galleon now being constructed in a field near the studio, will be used in the making of the London Films Production, *Fire Over England*, an Elizabethan romance starring Flora Robson, Vivien Leigh, and Leslie Banks. It is one of the eight pictures which are now in hand at Denham and are costing in all over £1,000,000. The galleon's hull, it will be noted, is made up of thin laths



rest during rehearsals on the stage at Drury Lane for Ivor Novello's new musical Royal for many months to come. Mr. Novello, who is seen with Mr. H. M. Tennant with him are Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare. In the three acts there are no fewer August Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath and is quite in the old Drury Lane tradition

The Return of José Collins.—Miss José Collins reigned so long and so brilliantly at Daly's and has since had so stubborn a run of illness and bad luck generally that I was delighted to journey to the King's, Hammersmith, one night last week to see her play Miss Mary Clare's part in that queer, untidy, but undeniably successful play, *After October*. The part fits her admirably, and she is to the life the slangy, good-hearted woman who had retired from the stage in order to attempt to manage an unwieldy Bohemian family. Snatches sung of old Daly's successes added an almost biographical touch. Miss Collins's support is rather uneven. But there is with her an obviously first-class actress in Miss Louise Rivière, who has a pleasant speaking voice, a sense of comedy and of pathos, and more than a suggestion of passion in reserve. This is one of the most promising performances I have seen for a long time.

"A Woman Alone" (Film).—*A Woman Alone*, now at the London Pavilion, is a Garrett-Klement film that has been a long time in the making and has cost, I am told, upwards of £100,000. It struck me as being well worth the waiting for, as well as the heavy bill. Not only is it beautifully done; it possesses almost every necessary quality for popular favour without at any time descending to the maudlin or the banal.

There is a good, straightforward story about a Russian peasant girl and a young officer in the Tsarist army who fall in love. By chance she later enters his household as a nurse to his baby (surely the nicest baby in all film history) and as maid to his not very nice wife. The intrigue is discovered, the girl's fiancé, a private soldier, strikes his superior officer and is tried but escapes with a light sentence . . . "And so love's old sweet song," etc., etc.

I note that the dancing of the peasants at the wedding feast has been described as being "too perfect." Well, Russian peasants *do* dance perfectly (I've seen 'em), and if they didn't they should do so for film purposes. This is only one of many scenes which go to make *A Woman Alone* irresistibly attractive.

Miss Anna Sten plays the peasant girl. If her face registers the whole gamut of emotions from A to B (to quote Dorothy Parker), it is a very lovely face. And that's the main thing. Mr. Henry Wilcoxon—"he's tall and dark and handsome"—is her aristocratic lover; and a crafty piece of pre-revolution diplomacy comes from Mr. Esmé Percy.

"As You Like It" (Film).—For some odd reason it is from Mittel Europa that film-versions come of "Unser Shakespeare." Reinhardt had a smack at *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. That is to say he aimed, Thor-like, a hammer-blow at that dainty thing and smashed all its poetry to pieces.

Herr Paul Czinner has handled *As You Like It* more delicately. Though this film did not seem to me to have the Shakespearean flavour or anything like it, and to be, as an entertainment, on the dull side, quite a considerable amount of the text remains. Was this due to Sir J. M. Barrie? According to the programme he "suggested" the "treatment," though this does not make clear whether he suggested *how* the play should be treated or just that it *should* be treated.

An odd attempt at the archaic is that programme. Surely, if the old-time long "s" is used, one should be consistent about it. We read that Fox Film Corporation "preſentſ" the play (though the "ſ" was never used at the end of a word); yet the "coſtumes" have been "designed" by a Mr. Joe Strassner (not Joe Straſſner or even Joe Strasſner). Those ducal palaces also had a touch of sham antique about them. The outdoor scenes, however, showed some beautiful photography, though the camera

(Continued on page 440)

1936 BESIDE

THEN AND NOW: This was the way the family went to church in Victorian times, and even at the seaside father wore his top hat on Sunday and his family were dressed in their best. To-day, however, the church seeks its congregation, as witness the picture on the left showing the Reverend Cecil Boulton (known as the flying parson) preaching from his plane at Littleton-on-Sea to bare-backed bathing girls

REPORTS as to the death of the seaside landlady—that ogre heraldically garbed in satin, sable, counter-quartered with chains argent and supported by a double treasure of flory—counter-flory of aspidistras—are as many and various as reports of the seat of the Spanish civil war.

There are some who say she is dead; but that report—as Mark Twain once remarked in respect to a similar rumour in regard to himself—is grossly exaggerated. There are some who say she is dying. That is nearer the truth. But by no means the whole truth. She may in some statistical quarters be regarded as dead, but if she is theoretically dead she most certainly refuses to lie down.

She may be doomed but she is fighting gallantly to the last. Whatever her sins and extortions she is at least game; and even those bodies which have definitely decided to finish her off shake their heads and agree that it will be years before she is finally extinct.

She is a product of a bygone age, but still a member of a generation which has not yet passed away. And, strange to say, there are hundreds of thousands of the older generation which prefer her dingy quarters and her exactions, her "extras" and even her "cruets" to the attractions of jazz boarding houses—run on modern lines—bungalows, chalets, and camps—canvas and "permanent"—which are now common objects of most sea-shores.

Yes, the older generation does not take kindly to the New Seaside. For there is definitely a New Seaside. I have just made a tour of a good strip of coast and the New Seaside is not only well established but has definitely come to stay. The "camp host"—a fellow who must slave from 5 a.m. till 2 a.m. the next morning is taking the place of the landlady.

Studying the matter it is interesting to trace the doom of one who was formerly counted as a British institution. The first note of warning was sounded by the explosive engine—the first pop-pop-pop of the privately owned motor car was, in the long run, going to prove as fatal as the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun.

The motor car ushered in the week-end cottage. The week-end cottage was succeeded by the seaside bungalow. That at the outset was for the well-to-do, but as cheap cars multiplied so did cheap seaside huts and bungalows. I know of one spot on the South Downs from which you can glimpse a rim of huts and bungalows by the seashore which runs almost unbroken from Portsmouth to Brighton. An amazing sight. And what applies here applies to many parts of the coast.

For here is a curious psychological fact. The main mass of English folk, whether they live in London suburbs or inhabit northern industrial towns, instinctively turn seawards when in search of holidays. But the younger generation will have none of the seaside landlady.

Hikers, too, have done more than their bit in compassing the extinction of the dragon of the "drawing-rooms" at 3 guineas per week (with extras) and the "dining-rooms" at 2 guineas a week (with extras). For hiking spells freedom not only of body but of mind.

THE LANDLADY OF YESTERDAY was quick to stifle the complaints of her victims who, having booked their fortnight's holiday, had no other course but to bow to her tyranny

SUN WORSHIPPERS making the most of summer's belated appearance. Not so many years ago a picture such as this would have aroused a storm of protest and from many a pulpit would have come vitriolic denunciations

And when the hikers—whether in the country or at the seaside—encountered the landlady they did not like, they just hiked on.

But they could not hike on for ever with nowhere to lay their heads. So there came individual camping. And after their first distrust of hikers and campers farmers grew to like their visitors and began to care for them and cater for them. Now, thanks to the labours of the Camping Club of Great Britain, there are at least 2,000 carefully selected, and tabulated spots to which campers can be safely referred.

Out of this has grown camping under canvas *en masse* a vast and tremendous business.

How many people altogether sleep under canvas in the course of the holiday season? An estimate has placed it at a million.

Another factor quite as disturbing to the seaside landlady is that hundreds

the SEASIDE

The Modern Conditions of Holidaymaking Compared with Victorian Times

By W. HOLT WHITE

of thousands of children now take their holidays under canvas with their teachers instead of going to the seaside with their parents. That also makes a difference.

But the most formidable opposition of all—and it is practically in its infancy—is presented by the Permanent Holiday Camp. The Permanent Holiday Camp consists of a collection of bungalows or hutments, together with public dining-rooms, dancing-rooms, swimming pools, and so on. They are indeed villages in themselves.

For instance, the Civil Service National Association of Local Government Officers alone run permanent camps in which about 90,000 members and members' families are housed in the course of the season.

Commercial enterprise is also at work. Permanent camps are springing up along many coast lines and large sums of money are being sunk in them. One permanent camp is being built near Scarborough which will house 1,000 guests. The National Federation of Holiday Camps already has a membership of over twenty such institutions. Some of these camps can accommodate from 300 to 500 guests at the same time. They are open from Easter to September. The Federation's camps alone can easily account for 100,000 during the season. In the hutments and bungalows people can secure single rooms, double rooms, or family rooms, and the average fee for accommodation including four square meals a day is 2½ guineas a week. And the camps are splendidly organised and run. Purity of water and the state of sanitation are guaranteed.

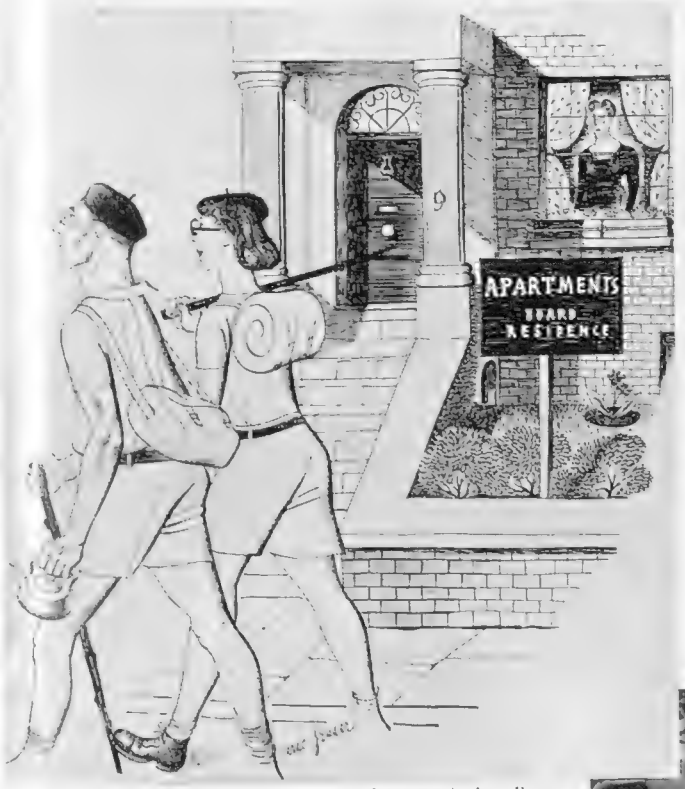
ROMANTIC QUARTERS: These girls enjoying a splash in the Alde are spending a seven weeks' holiday on the picturesque old hulk, *Ionia*, which is moored in the river. They hail from the Greenwich Girls' Home

You can get a garage for 1s. a week and an early morning cup of tea for 1d. There are playgrounds for the children, physical training for those who want it, and sports events on most afternoons. And these camps are being placed on strategic spots which cannot be very comfortable for the lady of the aspidistras and the lace curtains.

This sort of competition is hard to face, and in most seaside towns she has for the most part retired gracefully or otherwise from the sea front. Inexpensive boarding houses (complete with running water) now reign in her stead.

Still she is not dead for the simple reason that her own generation is not dead. Some people may think that, like King Charles II, she has been an unconscionable time a-dying. On the other hand, seeing her beset as she is, it is impossible not to feel a little softened towards her. She can no longer lord it over defenceless people. But whatever her faults she is a good fighter, game to the end.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT HASTINGS: A blonde Cupid in the tiny tots fancy dress parade



Drawings by Eric Fraser

BUT THE LANDLADY OF TO-DAY is, for the most part, set in a meeker mould for the hiking fraternity never stays more than a night, and if she is to retain those clients she has, she must set herself out to please

On left—HOME FROM HOME: Old railway coaches make fine holiday quarters

BEAUTY ON PARADE: The scene at a Margate swimming pool during a recent competition to find the girl with the most graceful deportment. There was a host of entries and the stands were packed with spectators

THE ATTACK ON IRUN IN MAY, 1837

When British Troops Fought the Carlists and Compelled Their Surrender

HISTORY REPEATED: The Royal Irish, members of the British Auxiliary Legion assisting the Queen Regent of Spain against Don Carlos, storming their way towards the Behobia gate of Irun during the successful attack on the town on May 17, 1837, led by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Chichester. An engraving by T. L. Hornbrook (an eye-witness of the action), which is of particular interest at this juncture in view of the capture of Irun by General Mola's northern insurgent forces

THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE: A gun being brought into position for the bombardment of Irun on May 17, 1837, while in the middle distance the British troops can be seen firing as they advanced

AT THE FONTARABIA GATE, where a small British attacking party effected an entrance in the face of heavy fire. A ladder was placed against one of the windows of the guardhouse and a breach was made by firing a petard (a conical iron case filled with powder and lit by a slow match)

The recent fall of Irun recalls a similar happening of nearly a hundred years ago when the town was taken by an Englishman. He was Charles Chichester, a West Country man, second son of Charles Joseph Chichester of Calverleigh Court, Tiverton, and he took a very active and distinguished part in the civil war between Isabella, daughter of Ferdinand VII, and his brother, Don Carlos. A quadruple alliance of Spain, France, Portugal, and England was entered into against Don Carlos to support the claim of Isabella. In 1835 Charles Chichester was appointed Brigadier-General of the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain commanded by General de Lacy Evans. In August, 1835, he was wounded in the action near Ernani, and was present at the relief of Bilbao the same year. He commanded his brigade at Mendigar and at Azua on January 18, 1836; at the battle on the heights above San Sebastian on the 5th, and the passage of Urmea on May 28 following, and received a medal. He commanded at Alza when that place was attacked by the Carlists in June, 1836, and the Legion behaved with distinguished gallantry. Chichester was also engaged at Ametza in October the same year, and in the operations of March, 1837, where his horse was killed under him, and in the general action of March 16, where he had two horses killed and was himself wounded. In the absence of General Evans through illness, he commanded the whole Legion, then reduced to a division of two brigades, in the attack and capture of Irun on May 16–17, upon which occasion he received the Carlists' commandant's sword and the keys of the town, which are now in the possession of his family. Owing to the expiration of its engagements, the original Legion was disbanded in 1838, and Chichester, whose services to the Queen of Spain were recognised with the Grand Cross of San Fernando and the third and first class decorations of Isabella the Catholic and Charles III, returned home.

ROUGH RIDING ON THE DOWNS: Men of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, Royal Scots Greys, negotiating a steep slope near Petworth during the recent army manœuvres in Sussex. Terrain such as this would be quite impossible for mechanised units, and here the cavalry has an opportunity of demonstrating its usefulness

ON THE TARMAC: Captain R. H. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe (right) Adjutant of the First Cavalry Brigade, Royal Scots Greys, leading his men along a road in the neighbourhood of Eartham

DOWN HILL AT THE GALLOP: Another picture from the Sussex "front." Riding the leading horse is Colonel Pigot-Moodie

CAVALRY EXERCISES

Royal Scots Greys at the "War" in Sussex

SUMMER TURBULENCE: The spray glistens in the sunlight as the waves break against the rocky shores of a bay on the north Cornish coast. Here the sea is a vivid blue-green and the cliffs in the distance are carpeted with soft and luxuriant heather

"THE WILD WHIRLING BILLOWS ASSAIL THE STERN ROCK": A striking impression of Bedruthan Steps, where Nature has wrought a scene of rugged grandeur

LULLED BY THE OCEAN'S MUSIC: A holiday picture from Bedruthan, a famed beauty spot a few miles from Newquay. Legend has it that the huge sea-girt rocks here were stepping-stones for the giant Bedruthan. One of the most prominent of them is popularly known as Queen Bess, to whom, when viewed at the right angle, it bears an interesting resemblance

Grandeur of the Cornish Coast

New Camera Studies by "The Sphere's" Special Photographer William Davis

VITAL TO NATIONAL SECURITY: Gathering the corn crop on an Essex lowland farm. Cereal cultivation in this country is showing a serious decline, says J. Baker White in his article on this page, and to-day there are only 4,000,000 acres under corn as compared with 6,538,000 acres in 1920

BRITISH AGRICULTURE'S FUTURE

Facts and Figures Demonstrate the Unhappy Position of the Farming Industry which can Only be Saved from Decline by a New and Comprehensive Policy

IN some ways September is the most important month in the farmer's year. In it he takes stock of the past year's working, for he knows how he stands over the sale of most of his crops. If he is going out, or giving up, Michaelmas is the most usual time to do it, and unless he is particularly fortunate it is about this time of year that he goes and has a talk with the bank about his overdraft. So perhaps it is not an unfitting time to take a look at the present trend and future of British agriculture.

During the past few months I have talked with farmers in Kent, Essex, Sussex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Hampshire. Rubber-booted, I have walked across fields where the hay lay black and rotting, and gazed at fields of oats as flat as if a roller and not rain had been on them. I have visited hop gardens where the sprayers were busy fighting the mould and vermin brought by the rain, and sugar-beet fields where rows of men with hoes were dealing with the worst crops of weeds seen this century.

In contrast I have seen magnificent crops of peas, cabbages, and other vegetables, plum and apple trees weighed down with the ripening fruit, and bullocks on emerald green pasture with a fine bloom on their hides. I have sat late with farmers and, in some cases, with the skilled accountants the big men now employ. The sum total of what I have seen and heard makes an unhappy story, for to-day, just at the time when home food production is a vital part of our scheme of national defence, agriculture is sinking into a decline that will mean its lingering death unless something is done very quickly to stop it. The public are largely unaware of this fact; the Government does not seem to realise, but a great tragedy is being enacted.

This may sound like exaggeration, but here is the story told by the Ministry of Agriculture's returns. In June of this year there were just over 30,000,000 acres in England and Wales in agricultural occupation, or 76,700 acres less than in 1935. Of this 15,745,000 acres are under permanent grass, an increase of 186,100 acres; 1,703,000 acres under wheat, 819,000 acres under barley, and 1,417,000 acres under oats; on the balance there being a fall of some 40,000 acres in cereal cultivation as compared with 1935, and about 80,000 acres as compared with 1934.

At first sight these figures do not seem too bad, but it must be remembered that the continual increase in land under grass is an indication of hard-hit farmers trying to cut down their costs by cutting their labour bill. More grass means less work. The seriousness of the corn figures is realised when one makes a comparison with 1920, when there were 6,538,000 acres under all kinds of corn. To-day, in spite of the subsidy, there are over 4,000,000 acres, a decline of over 2,500,000 acres in sixteen years and over 4,000,000 in seventy.

One man, not a farmer, to whom I put these figures, said, "Yes, but what about the great increase in new farm crops, such as peas for the canneries, and fresh vegetables?" But what about them? We grew approximately 96,200 acres of peas this year for market or canning, 15,200 acres of beans, 56,400 acres of early and 399,400 acres of main crop potatoes, 43,500 acres of cabbages and greens, 35,000 acres of brussels sprouts, 20,500 acres of cauliflower and broccoli, and about 34,000 acres of turnips and carrots. These are the new crops of progressive farmers who have been lucky enough to find the capital to go in for an entirely new form of farming, but altogether they occupy only 700,000 acres or less than one-fortieth of the agricultural area. Beet sugar, dependent on Government subsidy, accounts for 356,800 acres, orchards for 257,700 acres, and small fruit for about 60,000 acres, so that possible remunerative crops do not off-set half of the decline in the corn area. The bitter truth is that the new farming may save a few farms—it is proving very paying to some men with capital behind them—but it cannot save the small tenant farmer or the big landowner.

Livestock farmers have not a much happier story to tell. With the exception of sheep all other classes of livestock show a decline as compared with last year. Dairy farming is a shade better, but the beef trade remains a hopeless business. Those who imagine that the salvation of agriculture lies in combined pig and poultry farming will find cold comfort in the fact that the number of pigs fell by 12,300—of this number 11,000 were breeding sows—and the number of chickens by 884,000.

Perhaps the most telling, and the most tragic, figures are those of the number of agricultural workers. In 1935 there were 673,200 men and women in England and Wales living and working on the land. This year there were 640,100, a decrease of 33,100. Fifteen years ago there were 869,000 people on the land, so to-day their number is fewer by 229,000. Cottages shut up and crumbling into decay, little gardens tilled with loving care for centuries overrun by thistles and nettles; crafts like shearing and thatching, handed down through countless generations, lost for ever, and the finest peasant stock in the world sapped of the strength that it needs so much to-day. That is the story behind the bare figures of the returns.

It would be uncharitable to say that the Government has done nothing for agriculture, for the subsidy saved wheat-growing from extinction and sugar beet was made secure in the same way. Its tariff policy has undoubtedly encouraged home vegetable cultivation, and there is some faint distant hope for beef producers. But all these Acts, and plans, and marketing boards, and subsidies, and quotas have only been nibbling at the problem. There is a good deal of talk about "national granaries," but we are not going to feed 45,000,000 for very long off less than 3,000,000 acres of wheat in the whole kingdom. As a memorandum recently produced by a committee of farmers points out, "the best granary is the growing crop and the farmer's rickyard," but national granaries will never be a reality while Governments continue to be frightened of public opinion.

At the end of the last war a committee was appointed and it reported in these words: "The experience of the present war leads to the conclusion that any measures which resulted in rendering the United Kingdom less dependent on the importation of foodstuffs during the period of a future war and so in reducing the volume of sea-borne traffic would greatly relieve the strain upon the Navy and add immensely to the national security." To-day in an arming world, we would do well to ponder on these words, and realise that only a new and comprehensive policy can save agriculture and enable farmers to operate for reasonable profit.

J. Baker White

OFF TO MARKET: Driving a flock over the South Downs to the great Sheep Fair at Findon, near Worthing, where in past times enormous business was done and dealers came from all parts of the country

FROM A PAINTING BY TERRICK WILLIAMS, R.A.

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C.F.H.

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SUITED EARLY

ON the left at the head of the page is Studd and Millington's loose Saxony coat, checked in red and black. Excellently cut, it has raglan sleeves with welted seams, and it can be made in any material, from 7 guineas. They tailor suits from 7½ guineas, and they have a new collection of beautiful fabrics at 51, Conduit Street, W.

Three pictures showing two of Waring and Gillow's (of Oxford Street, W.), new autumn suits. The one is made in a diagonally woven woollen in a subtle nutria shade, and is trimmed with nutria buttons and pockets. You can also get it in dark brown, burgundy, navy, and bottle green, and it costs 8½ guineas. The second suit, which costs 13 guineas, is in a rough-surfaced woollen, spruce coloured, or nigger, with a handsome shaded fox collar and a leather belt

A HIGHWAY FROM ON HIGH: An aerial view of the magnificent new road built on Barton Hill, Yorkshire, which will replace the York to Malton road seen in the foreground

HOLIDAYS AFLOAT

Exploring England's Navigable Waters in a Motor Cruiser

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

MANY motorists must spend their holidays afloat. The owner who does not put up a large annual mileage probably decides to use his car during his holidays, but to people like myself who cover over 25,000 miles a year, a holiday away from the car is a pleasant change. To me a holiday is not a holiday unless the time is spent amidst completely different surroundings. Working as I do at Brooklands Track with people bobbing in and out all day, and motor cars and aeroplanes just slightly disturbing the otherwise peaceful atmosphere, I have during the past six years endeavoured to find a quiet retreat where I could stay completely out of reach of everyone during week-ends. First of all, I planted a railway carriage on a lonely spot at Selsey. That was extremely pleasant for three years until one week-end I noticed, when I arrived, that someone else during the week had planted another railway carriage within 6 ft. of mine, although there was practically half a mile of unoccupied beach on each side of my residence. Not having the herding instinct I went up on the Monday morning, instructed the house agents to sell the place, which they did within three days, and I never returned.

My next place of seclusion was a bungalow on the Thames about fifteen miles on the upstream side of Oxford. If the ground was at all wet it was quite impossible to get anywhere near the shanty by car. There was no gas, water, or electricity so no one came to disturb me as neighbours, but eventually I thought I would make a change and decided to go in for a motor cruiser. Knowing nothing about navigation and always being very frightened on a cross-channel trip, I decided that the sea was no place for me unless I had a boat nearly the size of the *Queen Mary*. The River Thames, though extremely pretty, is far from being my ideal river for a motor cruiser. There is a lock on the average every four miles and for reasons which are probably most desirable no one is allowed to empty in the river any refuse from the boat, not even the water used for washing up a teacup and saucer. The fees are also high, and so I looked further afield.

I have hired a motor cruiser for my holidays on the Broads for many years but they were rather too far to venture a journey every week-end. I was, therefore, rather at my wits' end to decide where I could keep and run a motor cruiser. Quite unexpectedly one day a friend of mine suggested that I should go down to Cambridge and see a firm of boat-builders called H. C. Banham whose works were in the University town. This advice was followed and I learnt from Mr. Banham that there are over 200 miles of navigable waters starting from Cambridge. I thereupon purchased a six-months old 30 ft. cruiser with sleeping accommodation for four people.

Every week-end since the beginning of April I have spent on the River Cam and its adjoining Fenland rivers, but it was not until I went aboard for a fortnight's holiday that I really was able to explore these waters properly. Frankly, I must confess that they are not so picturesque as the Thames or the Broads; they are far more wild and are practically deserted. To me that is a greater attraction, and it allows one to spend a really leisurely holiday, for there is no dodging of sailing craft handled by very inexperienced people, which to me is one of the greatest drawbacks of the Broads. I do not think there is one solitary notice to be found on any of the banks saying "No mooring here." No restrictions hamper one's liberty, and the only registration fee is 7s. 6d. per annum no matter what the size of the boat may be. In all I covered 240 miles, and even now there must be at least half of the waterways which I have not traversed. My boat has a Morris Navigator engine, and never once did it give me the slightest anxiety. So far as I have been able to work out it propels the boat along with a consumption of approximately nine to ten miles to the gallon.

I do not think I have ever spent a more enjoyable fortnight, and the fact that there are no petrol pumps or universal stores studded along the banks, makes the trip far more interesting, because supplies and provisions have to be obtained from funny little villages which hide behind the high artificial banks bordering the rivers. Once a visit to a shop is made half the population appears to leave their work and come down to look at the boat. Twice I went aground, but I had a willing crew, who appeared to rejoice on these occasions, because they immediately sprang overboard into the river to push the boat off the sandbanks.

RECORD-BREAKER: Major A. T. Gardner, who has just added to his other successes on Brooklands by achieving three new records there recently with his 1,100 c.c. M.G. He is now the holder of the Brooklands Outer Circuit Lap record at 124·40 m.p.h. as well as both the 50 kms. and the 50 miles British Class G. Records at 118·96 m.p.h. and 119.66 m.p.h. respectively

These latter adventures took place on the river close to St. Ives, where, incidentally, I came across a very intriguing inn, known as the Pike and Eel, at Overcote Ferry. This hostelry used to be frequented by Cromwell, and much of it has been left in its original state. It appears to be miles away from anywhere, and is one of the most delightful spots I have ever come across. In addition to its pleasant surroundings, good food and drink, it is presided over by a most genial host, whose only thought seemed to be to make one comfortable and feel thoroughly at home. Talking of inns reminds me that on these rivers there are quite a number with unusual names. There is the Pike and Eel, which I have mentioned; there is another called the Fish and Duck, and then the strangest of all rejoices in this title, "Five miles from Anywhere and no Hurry."

If the plans of the International Road Racing Club mature, and I see no reason why they should not, provided arrangements have been made for the necessary finance, motor car racing should be seen in the Crystal Palace grounds next year. The promoters have laid out a 2-mile road circuit, having a minimum width of 30 ft. throughout its entire length. The programme drawn up will include motor cycle and cycle racing in addition to the meetings for motor cars. This new circuit should materially assist in making the British public more enthusiastic over motor car racing than they are at the moment. The scheme certainly has my blessing, for I believe that the more motor racing circuits there are in the country the more popular will the sport become.

At a meeting of the directors of Messrs. Rolls-Royce Limited the other day, the Lord Herbert Scott was elected chairman of the board in succession to the late Right Hon. Lord Wargrave, P.C. Lord Herbert Scott has been a director of the company since 1907.

Personalities at Shelsley Walsh

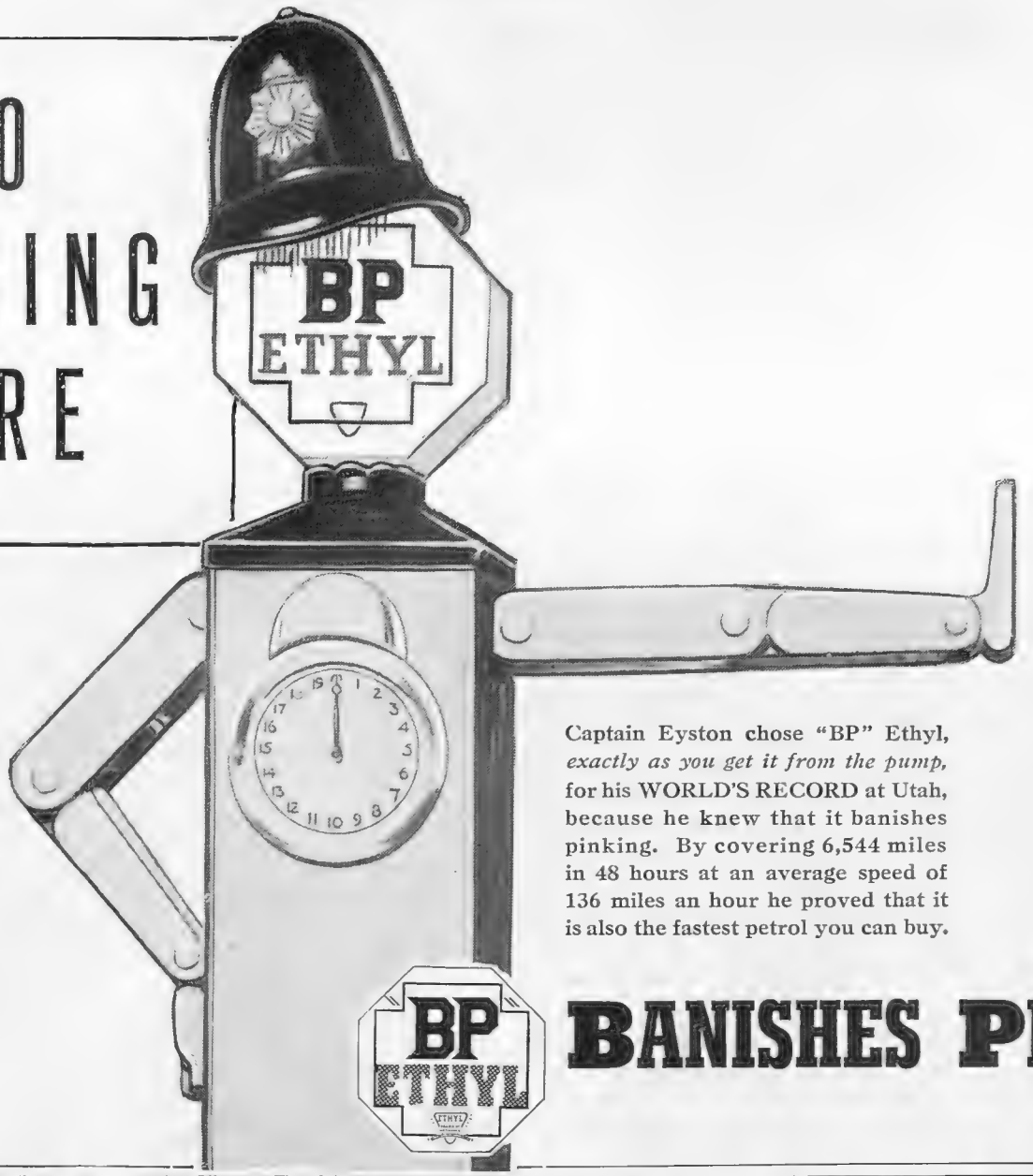
The Midland Automobile Club has received a magnificent entry of crack drivers and cars for the International Hill-climb at Shelsley Walsh to-day, including several well-known British and foreign drivers who are appearing for the first time on the hill. Hans Reusch, the Swiss champion, holder of many records and one of Hans Stuck's chief rivals in Continental hill-climbs has entered two Alfa Romeo cars.. Walter Baumer, the German driver, has again entered his Austin Seven with which he broke the 750 record for Shelsley at the June event this year. Bobby Kohlrausch, the German owner of George Eyston's famous *Magic Midget* (now entirely rebuilt), will also be competing.

Also in Class 1 are the Austin works team of Sevens driven by Hadley and Goodacre, and R. F. Turner, with his rebuilt Austin, so well known at Donington. Miss Doreen Evans, now Mrs. Phipps, is making one of her last appearances in England before taking up her new home in America, and will make a determined effort to get back the ladies' record on her M.G. from Mrs. Petre, whose *White Riley* (*ex* Raymond Mays') is, according to reports, faster than ever. In Class 2 there are numerous Shelsley specials with one or two new ones which have not previously appeared, as well as Spikins' sprint Singer, the Appleton Rileys' Bolster Special, Monkhouse's Amilcar, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Eccles' Rapier Special, and others. Class 3 contains many stars with Raymond Mays' E.R.A., D. H. Scribban's E.R.A. (a newcomer to Shelsley), P. N. Whitehead's E.R.A., Joan Richmond on the new H.R.G. designed by the famous "G" of G.N.s, and A. F. P. Fane with his twin supercharged and an unsupercharged Frazer Nash,

Class 4 includes K. S. Peacock with the 2-litre Sunbeam (the car which the late Sir Henry Segrave drove at Shelsley), Phipps' T.T. Aston-Martin, Bolster with his *Mary*, A. F. P. Fane with the T.T. Fraser Nash B.M.W., and Raymond Mays with the Shelsley record 2-litre E.R.A. Class 5 has some very fast cars with Hans Reusch's Alfa Romeo, Charles Follett's Alvis, Burton's Bugatti, Oats' Maserati, Cummings' Vauxhall Villiers (*ex* Mays) and well known at Shelsley, Charles Martin—one of the most successful British drivers—with his Bugatti, and T. P. Cholmondeley-Tapper and Miss Eileen Ellison, with the Maserati Mr. Tapper drove to fourth place in the J.C.C. 200-mile race last week. Class 6 has a fine list of big cars headed by Hans Reusch's big Alfa Romeo, E. R. Hall's T.T. Bentley, Couper's Talbot, Skinner's Special (which climbs Shelsley on top gear), Spikins' super-charged Hudson Special, Hillcoat's special V8 Ford, and others.

RACE TRACK PRECAUTIONS: The Middlesex County Council are banking a section of the Barnet by-pass to the extent of 4 ft. at the outside of a bend. This will greatly help in preventing a skid on the corner

NO PINKING HERE



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More people than ever seem to have been taking their cars abroad this summer, and drive where you will on the Continent, it is never very long, even in the most out of the way places, before you see a car with a "GB" plate standing outside the hotel where you thought you were going to be the only English visitor. It is not surprising that the Belgian Railways and Marine should have decided that there is sufficient traffic to justify a new motor ferry service to run between Dover and Ostend. It has now been in operation for a month and has done much to help relieve the congestion of the peak period of the holiday season. The boat leaves Dover at 10 a.m. and Ostend at 1 a.m., the crossing taking four hours. It will obviously be of great convenience to people who want to see something of the charms of Belgium, or to get through quickly to Germany by car.

The Art of the Theatre: An Austrian Exhibition.

A very comprehensive exhibition dealing with the art of the theatre internationally is being held in Vienna this month and next. Some of the exhibits are housed in the National Library and others in the New Imperial Palace, and there are both historical and modern sections. The former deals chiefly with the theatre of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, while the latter covers a wide range of countries including the East, with models and sketches demonstrating the wonders of modern stage and lighting technique. This is the kind of subject that in Austrian hands can become absolutely fascinating, and nobody who happens to be visiting Vienna while it is on should fail to see it.

Omitting Spanish Ports.

The Royal Mail Line vessels of the "A" class, which go to South America, are, not unnaturally, giving a miss to the Spanish ports at which they usually call (Corunna and Vigo) pending a more settled state of affairs in that unfortunate country. For the time being, therefore, they will proceed straight from Cherbourg to Lisbon. But the Highland boats (that is, the *Highland Patriot*, *Highland Monarch*, and so forth) will still go on calling at Vigo on the outward passage unless it should be found inadvisable to do so.

Round About the Caribbean.

The Canadian National steamships are running a number of cruises this autumn to the Caribbean. They call at some of the West Indian resorts which are popular with English people and at Bermuda. The itineraries are planned with great care and discrimination, and for anybody who has seen a certain amount of the Caribbean and would like to see some more, they are well worth considering, for it is generally possible to join up with one of them at some convenient port of call.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Choosing a Home Abroad: Inexpensive Places in the Sun.

We have pleasure in making a few suggestions regarding inexpensive places in a temperate climate where it would be possible to live all the year round.

Corfu. — From Brindisi twelve hours, and from Piræus twenty hours by steamer. This is a delightful island off the Greek Albanian frontier. Has two really very comfortable hotels where prices are reasonable, and the cost of living very low.

Jugoslavia. — Dubrovnik, on the Dalmatian coast, is one of the most enchanting and most beautiful towns of Europe. The surroundings are exceedingly interesting and it is a wonderful centre for both summer and winter. The Jugoslavs are friendly, helpful, and hospitable to travellers and strangers, and there are hotels and boarding houses where really good accommodation can be found at moderate terms. Viennese, French, and Jugoslav cooking. The unit of money is the dinar (215 to 225 to the £ sterling), and accommodation can be obtained at first-class boarding houses from 65 to 100 dinars per day; second class, 45 to 70 dinars per day, and at the Hotel Belvedere the rate is approximately 6s. per day full pension. It would very probably be much lower for a more or less permanent stay.

ON THE KING'S HOLIDAY TRACK: Mussulmans engaged in the rite of washing feet, hands, and faces before entering the mosque of Suleiman at Istanbul

A POPULAR SPA: This year many notabilities have been staying at Vittel, the French resort in the Vosges, and this picture was taken at a recent reception given by the Mayor, M. Bouloumié (third from right). Also included in the group are Admiral Darlan (left) of the French Ministry of Marine, the Maharaja of Kapurthala (fourth from left), and Brigadier-General Clarke (sixth from left)

Cyprus.—This island in the eastern Mediterranean is a British colony. Its area is 3,584 square miles, the greatest length from east to west 140 miles, the greatest breadth from north to south 60 miles. The principal ports are Famagusta, Larnaca, and Limassol, and the whole country is admirably served by roads suitable for motor traffic. Nicosia, the capital, is the most convenient for exploring the island. Hotels are cheap, and accommodation is available in all the principal towns and at Troodos. There are social clubs in Nicosia, Famagusta, Larnaca, and Limassol. There is also fair shooting. The climate of the plains in winter is sunny and bracing, and between October and May is the best time to visit them. From June to September the hills offer all the charm and none of the uncertainty of an English summer. The cost of living is very low.

French Riviera.—There are a number of small places on the French Riviera where accommodation can be obtained very reasonably.

Corsica in the Mediterranean, six hours from Nice and eight hours from Toulon, is another suggestion. It is admirably situated in a temperate region further softened by the neighbourhood of the sea. The winter temperature is 53 Fah. It has a very mild and sunny climate, and changes of temperature are always of short duration. At Ajaccio accommodation can be obtained from 35 francs.

Switzerland for a November Holiday.

Switzerland would be very enjoyable in November, but I would suggest Montreux rather than Lucerne, for at that time of the year you would probably find Lucerne rather cold.

Montreux has an uninterrupted season, a very mild climate with no wind or fogs. It has 2½ miles of lakeside promenades, a great variety of attractive walks and mountain excursions.

Locarno too, is at its very best in the spring and autumn. It lies at the foot of the Southern Alps and is encircled by a marvellous panorama. High mountains protect it from the north winds and it is quite free from fogs. It nestles in a bay of Lake Maggiore and is easy of access from every part of Europe.

Then there is Lugano, a beautiful all the year round resort on the Italian Lakes, where one could spend a very delightful holiday in November.

If you did not wish to spend the whole of your two weeks' holiday in one place, it would be a simple matter to arrange a visit to each of the above named places. Any of the leading travel agencies would be very pleased to give you an inclusive quotation.

Greece: The Cheapest Way of Getting There.

There are certain cargo boats running from England to Greece which take passengers; the journey takes about fourteen days and costs approximately £15. This is not the cheapest way to get to Greece and, as you wish to economise and do not mind a certain amount of discomfort, the best way for you to go is 3rd-class rail to Marseilles. The fare is £7 4s. 4d. return if you take a monthly ticket and travel via one of the longest sea routes, i.e., Newhaven-Dieppe.

From Marseilles you could travel to Piræus, the port for Athens, on either the French line of boats (Messageries Maritimes) or the Anglo-Egyptian line. There is also a Greek line, but we have no information to hand regarding this and, in any case, the fares do not differ to any extent from those quoted by the above-mentioned lines: which are Messageries Maritimes, £5 2s., 3rd class; £6, 3rd class special. Anglo-Egyptian, 300 francs, 3rd class, £4.

This is definitely not a comfortable journey, but it might be much worse, and several people do it every year in order to economise. The journey from Marseilles to the Piræus takes about four to five days.

SUBTERRANEAN PLAYGROUND: A disused gypsum mine in Hinterbruhl, near Mödling, Austria, has been converted by its owner into a first-class tourist attraction, the workings being flooded to a certain depth, making a vast underground lake beautified by delightful light and shadow effects. *Left*—The main entrance with its newly built Gothic arch. *Right*—A party of visitors making a boat tour of the grotto

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In Quest of

Freshwater Bay—An Ideal the Isle

IT was regatta day at Lymington. The little backwater New Forest town was making a brave show, so when at 2 p.m. the good ship *Solent* cast off from Lymington Pier she had to nose her way through a host of small craft which seemed to have only one thought in the world—that of demonstrating to us the origin of "taking the wind out of the other fellow's sails."

As the paddle wheels flopped-flopped us across the thirty minutes' stretch which divides Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, from the mainland another armada of racing small craft scudded towards us. A pretty sight and a keen contest. And all eyes were riveted on the race until suddenly, out of the blue, loomed the *Empress of Australia*, outward bound, who with short peremptory blasts demanded a free channel. What a spoil sport—but what a magnificent sight she presented as she steamed past.

There are many to whom travelling has but one attraction, the journey's end; but I somehow feel that the most hardened traveller could not but enjoy that short sea trip (be it from Portsmouth to Ryde, Southampton to Cowes, or Lymington to Yarmouth) with its attractions and distractions.

It was the first time I had been to the Island and, in deciding to visit Freshwater Bay I was told that I had selected one of its nicest corners. Certainly it whetted my appetite to tour the Island later on, through and through, and no hotelier must blame me if I make my headquarters my first love, the Freshwater Bay Hotel.

Before journeying there I had some difficulty in finding the shortest and best route from London, so for the benefit of others who are thinking of going there I will mention here that there are a number of through trains from Waterloo to Lymington Town Station, and having crossed to the Island, a short bus ride of some twenty minutes brings us first to Freshwater and then to Freshwater Bay.

For some unknown reason the railway authorities like to send you round by Ryde, and local gossip has it that it is to save 1d. per passenger per trip which they have to pay for landing at Yarmouth Pier. But believe this gossip or believe it not, the pleasantest and shortest way is definitely via Lymington and Yarmouth.

The Freshwater Bay Hotel, rather sombre without, stands on a slight eminence overlooking Freshwater Bay—a sanctuary from the open sea.

I had been told on several occasions before I went there that it was a friendly hotel, and friendliness greeted me on the doorstep. "What do you think I've caught?" said a wee flaxen haired girl, armed with all the accoutrements of shallow sea fishing. "A whale?" I suggested. "No-o-o" she replied, "that's

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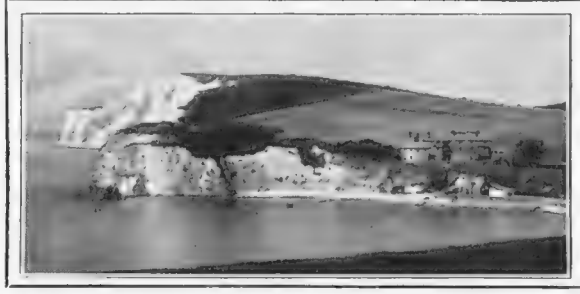

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Headquarters when Visiting Wight

only one fish ; I've caught two shrimps, a prawn, and a small dogfish.' With the promise that I could have the small dogfish for my supper, and that I could join her on her next fishing expedition, I settled down after seeing my room, in a deck chair on the private lawns overlooking the bay, and engaged myself in that never dull pastime of surveying my fellow creatures who, in this case, irrespective of age and figure were disporting themselves in the briny beneath—where an obliging raft was their central headquarters.

The atmosphere of friendliness at the Freshwater Bay Hotel was very soon apparent. Everybody seemed to know everybody, and it was not long before I was able to count myself one of the everybodies too. It is the kind of family hotel which, even if you do not return each year, sooner or later attracts you back.

This is very largely due to the fact that the hotel has always been owned by one family, and there is a personal individual interest in one that is so very much harder to find in any hotel which is "company owned." It is an hotel, too, which would never be spoilt by the invasion of trippers or the desecration of the builder, for it stands in 6 acres of grounds away from all roads and traffic noises.

One can walk straight out of the hotel, across the lawn, and down a private path to the minutest of beaches which is, or seems to be, the private preserve of the hotel.

The bathing is excellent and clean. And when a change from bathing is desired there are tennis courts and putting in the grounds, whilst for the "golfer proper" the Needles golf course (18 holes) is about two miles away.

Over and above the friendliness which I have already mentioned, there are two other outstanding points which struck me about the Freshwater Bay Hotel. It seemed to be an ideal hotel for children, and climatically perfect headquarters for those seeking autumn and winter residence.

Certainly the Freshwater Bay Hotel would be as good headquarters as anywhere for visiting the whole island. There is no need to take a car with you—in fact I think it is much better to leave it behind, for such delightful places as Alum Bay, with its multi-coloured sands, Totland Bay, and the many beauty spots immediately surrounding Freshwater Bay, must be explored on foot to be really appreciated. And when you want to visit the other side of the island there is a most excellent service of motor coaches.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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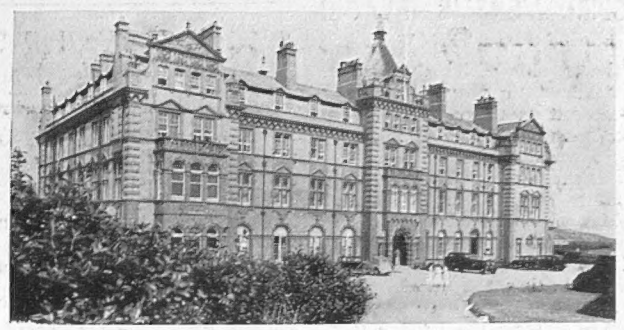

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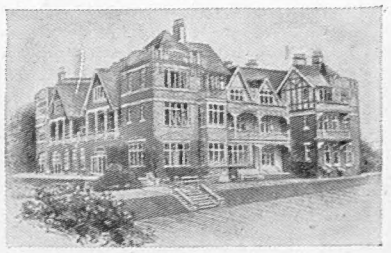

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CONTINUATIONS

BATTLESHIP VERSUS PLANE

(Continued from page 417)

weight of the torpedo which they carry. Then they come within range of the long range anti-aircraft guns—guns with a very different performance from the "archies" which airmen treated with such contempt twenty years ago. Within range of these guns they must dive down to a low level. In so doing they come within range of the multiple pompoms of the target ships and also of the pompoms and machine guns of the screening destroyers. In order to drop their torpedoes with a good chance of hitting, the attacking aircraft must pass low over the destroyer screen and "flatten out" little more than 100 ft. from the surface of the water. Just before they pass over the destroyer screen they will fly into an "interrupting barrage" set up by the secondary armament of the target ships (six 6-inch guns on each side of each ship). They will then be enfiladed by the screening destroyers in addition to having to fly straight at the multiple pompoms and multi-barrelled machine guns of the capital ships. Only then can they drop their torpedoes if they are to be sure of taking effect.

The preservation of official secrets prevents the quoting of figures for the rate of fire or the density of the barrage which can be put up by these various guns. Suffice to say that officers of the Fleet Air Arm, having seen them all in action, hope that any fleet which they may be called upon to attack will not be so well equipped for anti-aircraft defence.

RUM QUAY

(Continued from page 422)

transferred to the St. Katherine's Dock close against the Tower where a very large part of London's wine trade is already established, with an overflow in the London Docks next to it. In these two docks there is colossal storage for wine, but room could easily be made for the rum business as their trade has changed so greatly. St. Katherine's Dock was built in 1828 with the deliberate intention of bringing ships as close to the heart of the City as possible. Now it is entirely surrounded by house property and has never had the chance of being extended and modernised. In its halcyon days it was used by the crack sailing liners carrying emigrants across the Atlantic, but nowadays it is only large enough to take coasters or little vessels plying to the nearest Continental ports.

St. Katherine's Dock, however, is used by an enormous number of barges taking cargo from ships in every dock or berth in the river. As a very large part of the rum is already taken to the Rum Quay by lighters, each with a Customs guard to prevent its cargo being broached, it would be little if any more trouble to tow them a little farther upstream and put them into the St. Katherine's Dock. In some ways it is a pity that the move was not made in 1933, when the rum trade was disorganised by the disastrous fire on the Quay when the carefully constructed vats below quay level caught fire and great damage was done. It has been since then, however, that the trade of the Port of London has been increasing so rapidly that every available berth, especially in a favoured dock like the West India, has been in demand. The efficient working of the port demands the transfer of Rum Quay, but from every sentimental viewpoint it is deplorable.

Frank C. Bowen

STAGE AND SCREEN

(Continued from page 425)

sometimes made the trees roll round in drunken fashion, and there were too many sheep, sheepdogs, storks, ducks, swans, etc.

Some performances stood out well—Mr. Henry Ainley, his voice as glorious as of old, as the exiled duke, Mr. Laurence Olivier as Orlando, Mr. Austin Trevor as Le Beau, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Jacques, speaking the Seven Ages speech perfectly, though the producer had made him munch an apple. There ought to be a law against munching apples in Shakespeare. Perhaps Mr. Quartermaine had caught the trick from Miss Elisabeth Bergner, who did a lot of apple-munching in *Escape Me Never*.

Which brings me to Miss Bergner's Rosalind. For this actress's talent and charm I have the greatest admiration and also for her cleverness; there is not one trick of the trade she does not know. But in this Rosalind there was no music and a lot of restlessness. Her broken English led her to over-emphasis, which killed the rhythm and much of the poetry. One of the best female performances was that of Miss Dorice Fordred, who as Little Audrey "laffed and laffed and laffed."

And perhaps little Willie would have laffed and laffed and laffed at this treatment of his play.

Or would he have wept?

Drury Lane opens this week—in some ways this will be the biggest event of the autumn season, now in full swing—with *Careless Rapture*. Mr. Ivor Novello is, practically, the "onlie begetter" of this mammoth musical production, which is to have spectacular scenes after the fashion of pre-war Old Drury, a ballet, real Chinamen and—Miss Dorothy Dickson. After his recent *succès d'estime* at His Majesty's with *The Happy Hypocrite*, I wish Mr. Novello a *succès fou*.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

(Continued from page 414)

from India at first-class rates for himself and the same number for his wife. An annuity of £1,000 a year is earned after twenty-one years' active service, that is to say, when the officer is about forty-nine. But if at any time after the introduction of provincial autonomy he wishes to retire prematurely, he can do so on a proportionate pension calculated according to his length of active service. Thus he will get £333 a year after seven years and £666 after twice that period. If he is invalided before he has earned full pension he is entitled to an annuity ranging from £150 after four years to £900 after twenty years. He subscribes to a family pension fund, and the rates of pension for widows and children are exceedingly generous.

There is no doubt about it; the pay is good, the life is full, and it is certain that for a long time to come India will not be able to dispense with a strong British element in its Civil Service. It is quite clear that the difficulties of the new constitution which comes into force on April 1 of next year will be aggravated in every respect if the administrative machinery is not thoroughly sound. So that though the Act of 1935 has given a unique opportunity to a vast continent to work out its salvation as a willing partner in the Empire (I quote Lord Linlithgow), it is for the youth of Great Britain to see that it supplies an essential ingredient in the administration of the country.

Parents with boys at public schools can now feel that conditions in the Indian Civil Service are as safe as they were in the past, and though they may no longer be filling the role of a little local Rajah or Nawab as in former times, they are given the even more honourable task of helping the Indians to govern themselves, acting as their guides and helpers in their political and economic progress.

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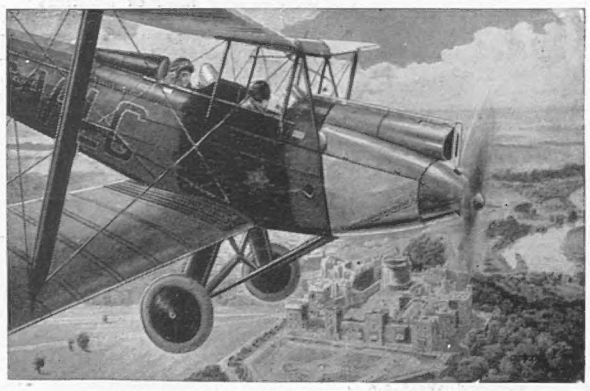

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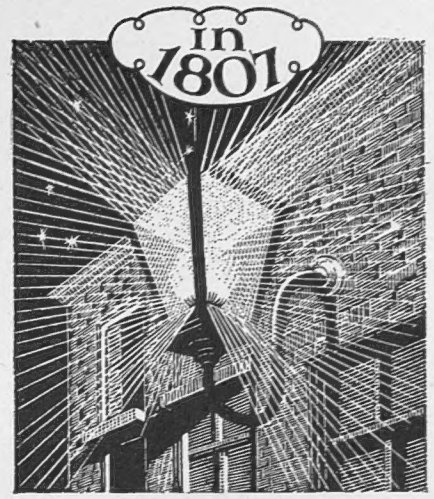

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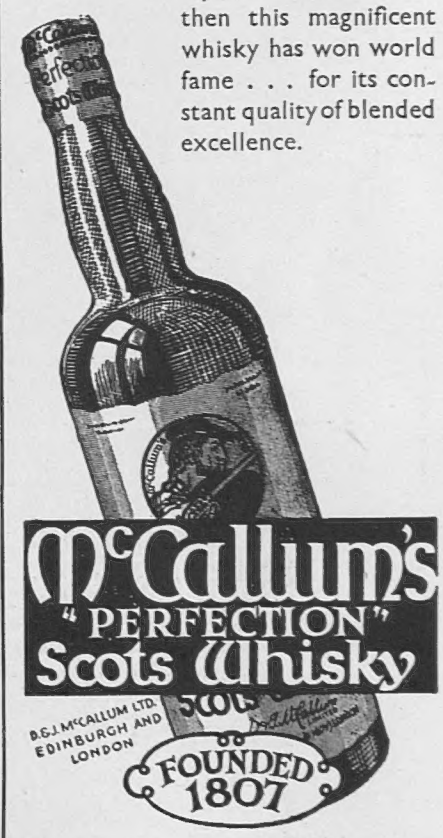

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